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JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

An Appreciation of His Life and Works

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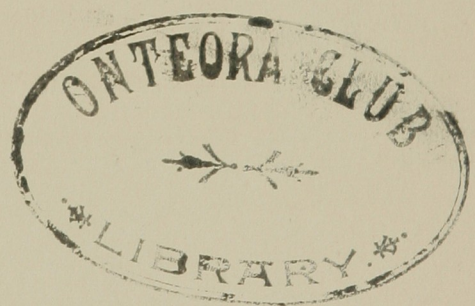
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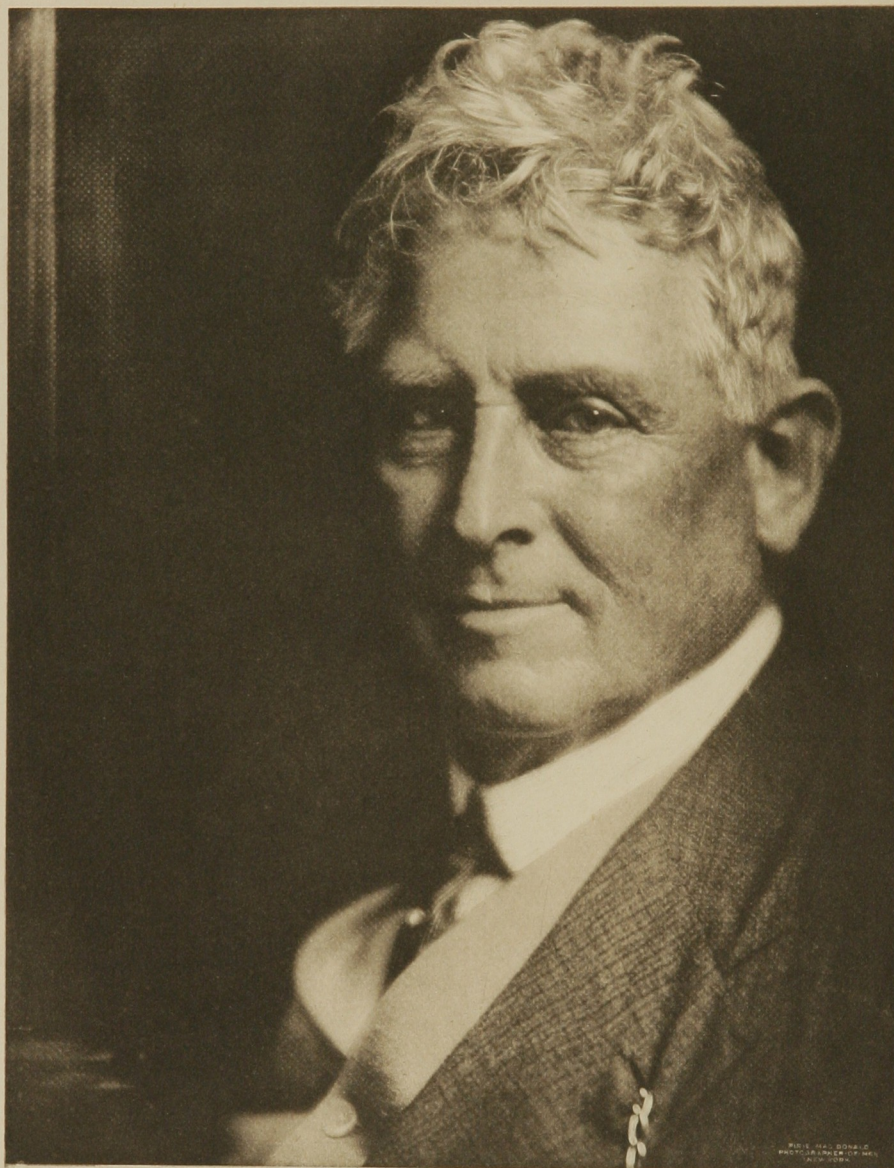
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JULIAN ALDEN WEIR



Phillips, Duncan & others

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Julian Alden Weir

*AN APPRECIATION
OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS*

With Illustrations



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in honor of Julian Alden Weir, by the direction
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Douglas Volk

Kenneth Frazier

Art Committee

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JULIAN ALDEN WEIR
An Appreciation of His Life and Works

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

By Duncan Phillips

I

SINCE the passing, so recently, from our midst of J. Alden Weir, the best critical opinion, in his own country at least, has crystallized rapidly and acclaimed him with a remarkable degree of confidence as a man for the ages, as one who now enters upon a splendid destiny of imperishable and ever increasing fame. I do not feel certain that Weir will ever be one of the popular painters who are appraised at or above their real value by the general public. He never carried his heart on his sleeve, never painted pictures which correspond to "household words," never tried to entertain nor to educate the crowd, nor to organize a following and start a "movement." He was contemptuous not only of sentimentality, but of sensationalism and of the notoriety which so often passes for fame, and in his own manner of painting, so marked was his restraint that he tended to an expression of unconscious austerity. Yet he was the most approachable and genial of men. The very essence of his art—what makes it great—what will make it immortal—is

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the warm and glowing lovableness which underlies the reserve. Weir believed that art does not deserve all the time and talk men spend upon it if it does not stimulate to finer issues our dormant faculties for living. If the value of art is measured according to its expressional power, then the art of Weir is very great even if it is not entirely easy of access. It is the pure gold deep in the earth which we must dig to find, not the cheap gilding on the gaudy surface of commercial ornaments.

We have lost in Weir a painter of a great tradition — an artist absolutely individual and independent of any School, yet one who belongs in the company of all those masters of truthful observation and personal expression in painting who have cared more for true and fine relations of color and tone and of light and shade, and for true and fine interpretations of beauty and character in the visible world, than for the formal analysis of abstract esthetic principles and the repetition of formulas for classical design. Weir was beloved by all factions in the rather overheated air of disputation in which, strange to say, art seems to flourish. There never was any doubt where he stood. Although

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a member of the National Academy since 1885, and President of that body from 1915 to 1917, he was nevertheless an adventurous spirit himself, open-minded and sympathetic in regard to the adventures of the younger men, and frankly opposed to the tyranny of traditions and to all dogmatic intolerance. His reasonableness was so sweet that *poseurs* were shamed to sincerity and extremists sobered to moderation by his influence, recognizing in him a spirit no less young than theirs, but mellowed by a big sincerity and a temperate and judicious poise and a loyalty to high ideals. In his own work there is fundamentally a selection and a fusion of what was best in the truly great artists of many centuries. However, so fresh was his point of view, so spontaneous and ardent his response to the stimulations of life, so self-reliant his character and so fond of experiment his boyish nature, that slowly, even laboriously, yet surely, he evolved and created for himself a technique which is his alone in the history of art, and the perfect medium for the expression of what he had to say. Old Masters as different as Velasquez and Rembrandt, Chardin and Gainsborough, Constable and Corot, would

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have recognized in Weir an artist of their unmistakable kind. Jean François Millet stood before the prize-winning picture which Weir, a Beaux Arts student at the time, had painted for his landlady of the Inn at Barbizon, and exclaimed, "Tout a fait distingué." Where Corot, Monet, and Manet left off, Weir carried on.

I realize that I should not be hazarding an opinion nor daring to estimate the ultimate place in history of one so near to me in time and so dear to me in memory. I loved Alden Weir, and now that he is gone it is more difficult than ever for me to write of him as an artist in a manner altogether free from the bias of my affection for him as a man. Fortunately in this case the man and his work were one. It would be difficult to estimate the man and his own special and indispensable quality without reference to his work which perfectly expressed him. On the other hand, it would be most unprofitable to study his paintings from the merely technical standpoint, since there is no technical merit in his work, however great, that explains the enchantment of his art, which is absolutely a matter of personal charm; charm plus nobility breathed into his

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best drawing and pervading that unerring instinct for fine choices which we may call his taste, so that his art and his personality seem to be somehow compounded and inseparable, and his paintings the radiations of his own spirit, sincere, sensitive, almost shy, yet virile and joyous.

It seems to me that the two outstanding points that I wish to emphasize are, first, Weir's special capacity to make us see and feel that ordinary human experiences are desirable and delightful, and the world (to each his own world) full of places and people inexplicably attractive and worth knowing. Second, the personal independence which pervaded everything he did and found for itself a well-pondered and ultimately perfected medium of expression, so well adapted to it that it seems part of it, the spirit of the artist animating and refining the rather rebellious substances of the copious pigment which he loaded and manipulated mysteriously. There is a third point which I wish now to stress—his Americanism, his combination of certain traits which we like to think of as characteristic, not of what is common but what is best in the American. In this third aspect of his art we shall only be con-

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sidering again the first and second, for they complete my very simple conception and interpretation of Weir the artist and Weir the man. His Americanism was, let me admit at once, of a special rather than a complete or composite character. As has been said of him, "From the America of immigration and quantity production he stood apart. His task was to fix the survival of the older America," the Anglo-Saxon America of the founders of our old families, more particularly yet, the America developed in New England and New York. Weir carried into American painting, writes Frank Jewett Mather in *The Weekly Review*, "a quality of esthetic conscience akin to that of William Dean Howells and Henry James in his earlier phase. Whether his theme was a New England village or farm or a finely bred American girl, earnest, trained in scruple and nicety of thought and conduct, always he thought to tell the truth of the matter, neglecting none of the finer shades and overtones."

Now this subtlety of observation and this delicacy of feeling are not generally considered qualities either of American art or of American character, at least not by

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those who usually talk loudest and longest about what they call "the American note" or "the American flavor" in books and plays and paintings. There is a cult nowadays across the sea and among the European-minded art critics of our eastern cities for Americanism in art. Whatever good work is done that does not give the American flavor or sound the American note can be excused by these critics as an excellent by-product, but must be discouraged as liable to interfere with the production of the genuine American article. Indeed, the American article in art has become one of our successful industries. The continental relish for the American flavor is now catered to consciously and carefully by novelists, dramatists, musicians, architects, sculptors, and painters, impatient to acquire European reputations. To be sure, Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain did not have Europe in mind when they created out of the raw fabric of their own experiences *Leaves of Grass*, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, and *Huckleberry Finn*, yet even these great authors were subject to the lure of a foreign vogue for their native products, and they all lived to luxuriate in their

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own homely Americanism. Whitman especially seemed confident of his future influence with the European-minded critics. He was always arrogantly self-conscious in proclaiming that he thundered with the voice of a new continent and of a new evangel. Unquestionably there was in the man a glowing enthusiasm for the human species and a rapturous exaltation about the American social experiment. The European-minded critics are certain that Old Walt represents what American art is or should be. They insist that America is not only frank and free and brave, but also vulgar and vain and fond of creating a sensation. Now it is true, perhaps, that our American symphony calls for a few blaring thrills of brass, but after all, the big bass tuba cannot speak for the whole orchestra.

The paintings of J. Alden Weir unconsciously express the reticent, innate idealism which guides and guards the better known materialism of America. It is an injustice to ascribe to the average American an indifference to that grace of spirit which we call refinement. We may be a shirt-sleeves Democracy, but we have our own standards. The attitude of the average American to that indefinable,

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unmistakable something which the old colored servants of the South used to call "quality"—the quality of their masters—curiously corresponds to that indefinable, unmistakable something in a work of art which artists and critics also call quality, recognizing an air of esthetic aristocracy. In the mind of Alden Weir the refinements of observation and emotion to which he was ever bringing his big, genial, whole-hearted tribute seemed to require from him also a technical language of similarly subtle and particularized distinction. He could suddenly become absorbed and fascinated by the momentary effect of a long familiar and unremarkable scene. I remember his picture of the corner of a high pasture, just a bit of sunshine playing along a stone wall and over a well-worn foot-path, and a silvery green tree outspread against a warm blue sky. The design of the picture I discovered later to be original and delightful, but my first pleasure was that of recognition. I seemed to have passed that way many a time, and to have noticed unconsciously just such an effect of light and color. Memories came back to me of walks in the country—of days on a farm. It is

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wonderful that some little songs and apparently casual little landscapes have such power to make the fugitive moods which come and go with the ordinary round of our days and nights almost haunting in their persistence and poignancy. So also with Weir's portraits. He could see distinction in an apparently ordinary model and make us see what he had seen to like and admire. Whether convinced or not, our hearts go out to him for feeling that way about people; for saying and believing and repeating that homeliness covers but cannot conceal the beauties which are real and endeared by association, and distinguished not by conventional comeliness but by essential character. Of such a kind was the idealism of Weir, and in spite of the European-minded critics, we know that this chivalry of thought and this idealizing love of familiar things are traits of the fundamental, the original American.

His themes were American, his mind was American, his method was American, and he was American heart and soul. Many stories of his patriotism are told. Although forty-six years old at the time of the war with

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Spain, he volunteered for active military service. I shall never forget the fire in his eyes as he spoke of our national dishonor in the unhappy early years of the World War. Nor will the splendid memory fade of that inclement day when Weir, old and ill and lame, but buoyant, ardent, eager to show his colors, marched with the artists in the Preparedness Parade. It is only natural that Weir's national spirit should have been strong, for the child is father of the man, and Weir's childhood was spent at West Point, where his father, Robert W. Weir, was professor of drawing from 1834 to 1877 in the U. S. Military Academy. J. Alden Weir was born at the Point, August 30, 1852, one of sixteen children. From all accounts Julian was a normal, active, athletic American boy and, needless to say, an imaginative one. I have heard an anecdote told of his childhood which shows his early initiative and enterprise. A friend remembers that one moonlight night he was found with some small companions, half-way up a very tall ladder which the boys had placed against the steep wall of an old barn. Julian explained that they were going to try to get up to the moon which, to

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their excited eyes, appeared to have landed big and bright right on top of the roof. There was nothing precocious either in his mind or in his talent in these early years. In fact, he showed no exceptional talent in the days when he first tried his hand at drawing, under his father's instruction, in that old barn back of the house. Nevertheless, the boy's enjoyment of pictures developed rapidly, and he was determined to become an artist. His taste preceded his talent, and he showed very soon that art was his natural language, that the root of the matter, so to speak, was in him. Given this inherent, esthetic instinct, and the patient, self-reliant tenacity of purpose which characterized him from the first, and sooner or later he was certain to succeed.

As a newspaper critic once shrewdly suggested — if Weir in his student days had worked in an intimate relation with some great artist who had been also a congenial spirit and who would have helped him to mature his individuality of mind and hand, a master who would have borne the same relation to him that Twachtman bore to Ernest Lawson, he would probably have arrived and

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found himself and formed his own peculiarly distinguished style much sooner. The man who almost, though not quite, performed this service for Weir was the Frenchman, Bastien-Lepage. Weir went to Paris to study painting in 1873, and was enrolled in the École des Beaux Arts under Gérôme, the painter of large, historical tableaux which show infinite labor in archeological research and imitative drawing. Consequently the pictures young Weir painted during his first year in that studio were "à la Gérôme," and that means the antithesis of what he himself was destined to do. Although he never lost his admiration for Gérôme as a teacher and was always glad to have had such grounding in correct drawing and minute observation as the pupils of this stern old painter could not fail to receive, yet it was not long before the student saw the coldness and hardness of the method of his master, and even before he left the studio, other lights were leading his undecided steps in very different directions. Gérôme disapproved violently of Courbet and the Impressionists, yes, even of Millet and Corot, but to his credit be it said, he never interfered with the temperamental predilections of his

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pupils. He trained them conscientiously and solicitously in their drawing, but when they knew how to draw, he sent them on their separate ways with his warning. In 1873 Weir met for the first time Jules Bastien-Lepage, and subsequently became the intimate friend of this brilliant young Frenchman who, like so many other artists destined to an early death, matured rapidly and achieved in early youth both a style and a reputation. Bastien at twenty-five seems to have been regarded as a leader, as a *chère maître* by the group of art students who gathered around him and were his comrades. Alden Weir was of this group.

In the book on *Modern French Masters* (Century Co., 1896), which presented biographical appreciations by American painters, the chapter on Bastien-Lepage was written by Weir. It is full of intimate talk about the subjects which were of supreme interest to the Parisian art student of his time. Many a pupil of Gérôme shared Weir's revolt against the artificiality and the perfunctory elaborations turned out with great effort in the name of art for the applause of the populace and for the awards of

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the Government. There was a great cry for a return to nature. At Mlle. Anna's restaurant, in the particular circle where young Bastien dined with his admirers hung a picture of a French holiday in Spring, which he had given in payment of his account. This picture was decorated by the boys when Bastien failed to win the Prix de Rome with his picture of "The Angel Appearing to the Shepherds," and not one of the group but felt assured of their wisdom as superior to that of the members of the academic jury who had so stupidly failed to honor themselves in honoring their idol. Bastien invited them all to visit him at his home in the village of Damvillers during the *fête* of the village, and Weir describes the experience with delight in the memory. As he says, "We loved Bastien for his honesty, his truth, and his sincerity," and he always retained a good part, if not all, of his boyish enthusiasm for the French realist's art, with its genuine love of nature and human nature, its unaffected simplicity, its kinship of line to Holbein, its popular adaptation of the subjects of Millet and the true values of Manet.

I have touched at some length on the atelier of Gérôme

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and on the friendship with Bastien because there is something significant in the fact that, unlike so many others who felt the force of Gérôme's teaching and the charm of Bastien's friendship, Weir showed no lasting trace of the influence of either man. One of the few subjects upon which Weir often felt impelled in later days to speak with some severity was the tendency of teachers of painting in all periods to impose their own methods upon their pupils, thus encouraging them to become dependent imitators, and preventing the discovery and development of their own individual powers of observation and expression. I remember how proud he was of the success of one of his pupils whose method was in no way suggestive of his own, yet who had thanked him fervently for his instruction and inspiration, and the insight into his own special qualities without which he would never have attained self-realization. In his own student days Weir was unconsciously directing his own course and choosing to take to himself only what he would eventually need.

As a student Alden Weir painted genre, still life, portraits, and landscapes, and only his very earliest works,

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which he destroyed, showed the influence of Gérôme. I have seen evidences of his extraordinary versatility in these formative years; a charming head of a young Breton girl, a group of French children burying a dead bird, delicately drawn in a manner suggestive of Boutet de Monvel, a Vollon-like still life, a romantic figure composition with light and shade showing the influence of Italy, finally a bright and rather tight little landscape giving promise with its joyous intimacy of mood of the great landscape poems of later periods. The handsome young American evidently was adaptable, impressionable, responsive to many influences and all of them fine ones. But he had not found himself in those days. He was travelling pleasant ways, seeking beauty everywhere, searching for himself and exerting an unconscious direction over his search, but failing yet to find his own individual expression.

In 1876 he went to Spain, and thenceforth Velasquez became his God of painting. It was only after seeing Velasquez that Weir really caught up with the advances made in his own time by such men as Whistler, Fantin, and Manet. Returning to the United States in 1877, he spent

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the next two years in New York in a sumptuously decorated studio in the Benedict Building. It was then that he painted "The Muse of Music," a very handsome and well-painted canvas in the grand manner, formal and not entirely sincere, for the grand manner did not come naturally to Weir, who was always what the French call an "Intimist."

In 1880 Weir won a medal in the Salon and went with Bastien to Belgium. In the summer of 1881 he went to Holland with his brother, John F. Weir, and John H. Twachtman. This was the beginning of the intimate friendship of Weir and Twachtman. From all accounts it was a delightful summer, and Weir grew to reverence Rembrandt for tone and poetry and Franz Hals for his bold mastery of medium, and as never before to love landscape motifs, the immense skies of Holland with their ever changing and never failing fascination of light. In 1883 Weir was again in Paris, and on this trip he was chiefly interested in the Impressionists, becoming so convinced of their importance that he purchased many of their works for Mr. Erwin Davis, who had commissioned

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the young American painter to buy for him some representative examples by the contemporary Frenchmen, relying upon his taste and his already celebrated eye for true quality in works of art. Fortunately, through Weir's influence, the "Jean d'Arc" by Bastien and the "Woman with Parrot" and "Boy with Sword" by Manet passed from the Davis collection to the Metropolitan Museum, where they are monuments to the wisdom of Weir, and where they have exerted a powerful influence in the development of American art. By this time Weir's taste was formed. It remained for him, however, to work out his own artistic destiny and save himself from the quicksands of eclecticism.

It is said that when Weir came back from Paris in 1877 he was in appearance, in taste, and in manner a charming Parisian. Although the years abroad had been for him a period of great inspiration and enjoyment, and although Europe had given him his education as an artist, yet he never seems to have even seriously considered the idea of living outside of his own country and, after his return in 1883, he married and settled down

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on a farm in Connecticut, exhibiting pictures with regularity in New York and Boston and becoming the most American of Americans. He made hosts of friends with his enchanting smile and his genial sportsmanship. One knew that under the surface there was rugged manliness which could be aggressive, but one knew also of the kindness and tenderness of the man and his high ideal for art and conduct. He was soon elected a member of the Tile Club, which included among many of New York's most representative men in the various arts, William M. Chase, Frank D. Millet, Edwin A. Abbey, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens. During this period his style was still in the process of being formed through the knowledge gained by constant experiment. He knew what he wanted to say. The American portraits and landscapes which he wished to paint were already in his mind's eye, but at the exhibitions during the 80's Weir was represented by pictures which won the praise of the more discerning critics for their quality rather than for their originality. He revealed what he had learned in Europe, and his aim seemed to be, what with Chase it always was,

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to show America *la bonne peinture*, the intrinsic beauty of surface obtainable in oil painting which ought to be cherished for its own sake. It was what America needed at the time, this emphasis of the young men upon art for art's sake, this insistence that in art, subject, however pretentious, is of no consequence without style which may dignify the slightest subject. Weir's still life of this period is as distinguished as that of Vollon and superior to what Chase and Emil Carlsen were doing then. Collectors are proud to-day if they have kept the luscious paintings of roses arbitrarily relieved against dark backgrounds, which they probably acquired without due appreciation of their historical importance. These things possess so delicious and unctuous a pigment, so charmingly rendering their subjects with especial regard to richness of tone and texture, that they would make Weir sure of a reputation as a painter's painter even if he had not gone on to greater achievements. While America was learning to recognize "quality" in painting through just such masterly works as these by Weir, the young painter himself was experimenting with new methods, new ideas, and a

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new palette. The portraits which he exhibited at this time indicate the chosen direction of his progress, but they were considered, and correctly so, inferior to his still life. They showed his desire to emulate the wonderful dull blacks of Franz Hals and Manet, and their even more wonderful flesh tones kept gray and flat by a diffusion of enveloping atmosphere rather than accented and modelled in arbitrary light and shade. But Weir missed the magic of these secrets known only to Hals and Manet, and to-day his early portraits seem rather dull and austere.

The turning-point in Weir's artistic life came in 1891, when at the Blakeslee Galleries he showed for the first time a collection of landscapes in high key of color and with the transparent shadows of the French Luminarists. A second important landmark was the exhibition at the American Art Galleries in 1893 of works by Weir and Twachtman, together with pictures by Monet and Besnard, which were included for purposes of explanation. The newspaper critics, who had considerable influence at that time, applauded the celebrated Frenchmen so that their pictures were acquired by a few daring collectors,

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but these same critics lacked the courage to recommend the American disciples whose more conservative pictures failed to find many who were bold enough to either purchase or praise. Monet was purchased as a curiosity because of his foreign vogue. Twachtman, even more of a curiosity than Monet in his method, was utterly incomprehensible and, being an American, negligible. It must be remembered that during this period Americans were so much obsessed by foreign paintings that they were inclined to be dubious whether any art, good or at least original, could come out of their own country.

Weir was fond of telling a story about one of the few sales recorded at this exhibition. A certain collector over whom Weir had an influence, but whose admiration for Weir's work did not extend to Twachtman, was finally persuaded to buy one of Twachtman's landscapes which Weir had pronounced great and worth its weight in gold. Weir would not consent to sell this collector a picture of his unless he also bought an example of the art of his friend, whose work he insisted was finer than his own. The result was that Weir selected a picture for the collection, and the

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collector condescended to humor him and acquired it. Proud of his purchases and glad to appear to the two artists as a daring patron of their adventurous method, the collector invited both artists to his house to dinner. Weir arrived late and found Twachtman ill at ease and dejected. At the first opportunity he inquired the cause. "My God," growled Twachtman, "have n't you noticed? They have hung my picture upside down."

Weir and Twachtman had become zealous converts to this new style of painting; the application to canvas of broken colors which, by the demonstrations of Monet, had been proved capable of recombination, not by mixture on the palette but by juxtaposition, fresh from the tubes, so as to give a closer suggestion of light. Both had promptly set to work to study the great *Out of Doors* with new eyes. While still painting and exhibiting tonal pictures of most discreet conservatism, Weir and Twachtman were preparing to apply Monet's method to American subjects, and to carry it on with modifications which would make it more adaptable to individuality of expression and more amenable to beauty. No one else, perhaps not even the

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artists themselves, realized the importance of the steps they were taking. These American pupils were to surpass their French masters by making their method more flexible and more spiritual, while retaining all the truth and all the vitality. But the first experiments were not impressive. In fact, Weir's earliest effects of sunshine were often weak, suggesting a sun trying to come out of a fog. The tonal harmonies were charming, however. The soft colors suggested to the contemporary critics the qualities of pastel. Weir had won a reputation as an accomplished painter of still life, so the critics were on their guard against any hasty accusations of incompetence. But people said—yes, even some artists who should have known better—"Too bad; another good man gone wrong," and the critics damned with faint praise, and only one or two seemed to realize the tremendous importance of this forward march by two gallant spirits not content to stand still. A little later Childe Hassam and Theodore Robinson came back from France with sparkling rainbow palettes and began to paint with a greater facility in the new style, an earlier attainment of their full powers than the early efforts of

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Weir and even of Twachtman. But the two great American painters of spiritualized naturalism proceeded on their own way, showing the results of their study of Monet, but unlike Hassam, their intention to depart from his method and to adapt it to their own ends. What matters it now that those early landscapes of Weir were loose without much strength, transparent in the shadows but without much light? The important fact is that they were great art in the making. And they intrigue us! We are conscious of something very personal and somehow very original trying to get itself said in a language not yet entirely familiar. Occasionally there is a wonderful work of art full of a touching poetry and of vividly remembered atmosphere; of impressions absorbed in moments of sensitive response and transferred to canvas with an art which seems, as yet, more a matter of lucky inspiration than of confident mastery of method.

I have a small landscape of about this time, a country lane in Spring with a glad sun shining and a hint of bird-song in the sweet, still air. There are radiant pinks and tender greens, an endearing touch, a lyric charm. Usually

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the sun in the early Weir landscapes did not shine so well. But they are invariably full of dimly lighted or partially shadowed places which are marvels of tone. It certainly is not difficult for us now to see the great Weir emerging out of these lovely pictures which in their day were accounted failures. Some critics had faith in them. Clarence Cook wrote in 1891, "Weir sees as the Venetians and Velasquez rather than as Raphael, Dürer, and Ingres, with their hard, precise, and analytic eyes. And these new works show no violent change. They are the logical outcome of Weir's artistic tendency since his return from Europe. Only the key has changed. The man is on his way." Here at least was one critic who saw that Weir was approaching, if indeed he had not already arrived at, that starting-point of all the art that is truly great—when the method is discovered, and occasionally the scope and aim of it realized, whereby one's own innermost individual *Something* may be given to the world to add to the sum of the world's treasure.

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II

SO, after ten years of experiment and cultivation, the art of J. Alden Weir came at last to fruition. He was destined to say in his chosen way something that needed to be said about his native land, and to say it more exquisitely, with greater delicacy of feeling and distinction of style, than lay within the powers of any other American. The large, formal figure compositions, the still life, rich in texture and very personal, the sombre, solid portraits, and such masterly landscapes, in the manner of Barbizon, as "The Old Connecticut Farm," were only practice for the ultimate themes. When he had thoroughly mastered his craft and learned from experience and won for himself a hearing and established a reputation, he then deliberately turned his back on everything he had done, disregarding the material success which could have been his for the asking had he continued along more traditional lines, and broke ground in untilled fields. Chalky, perhaps, and a little weak, the earliest landscapes in high key, yet they were eloquent nevertheless of the great American

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painter who had finally found himself and who could be counted upon for an ever increasing mastery of his method and for works of the most personal, inimitable artistry and the most sensitive and beautiful emotions. Having discovered and attained to his own predestined style, his work became, for the first time, the spontaneous natural expression of his own life and character. Thereafter his pictures form links of record of a rare personality devoted with single-hearted sincerity to the expression of the simplicities of life, the finer every-day experiences of which are revealed only to spirits of singular sweetness. The rare intimacy of the pictures of Weir, their true delight in little things and familiar surroundings, their wholesome joy in life's untroubled hours of serenity and health and genuine contentment, remind me of Chardin, the difference being that the Frenchman's special pleasure was in the domestic interior, whereas Weir's was out of doors, on the farm, in the fields and woods, and at the hospitable hearth only after nightfall. But both men wrote in terms of exquisite tone, color, and atmosphere their appreciation of the quiet joys of just being alive from day to day, with a chance to observe

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how lovely things really are if we know how to see. Velasquez had taught him how to see, how to find the elements of beauty anywhere and to make for himself, by means of exquisite craftsmanship, true patterns of form and line and texture, and of colors harmonized in light and air; a world of enchanting realities. It is, however, of Chardin's sensitively chosen scale of values, particularly his gamut of lovely grays and tawny tones, that Weir's palette reminds me; of Chardin in the portraits and still life and of Corot in the landscapes. Chardin, Corot, and Weir, they all had an intimacy of spirit which makes their art particularly ingratiating. For them art became a part of their own lives and their way of conveying to others their satisfaction in life. From the time when Weir first began to exhibit his paintings in the new method there is no better way of knowing his life than through his art.

Very personal also are the landscapes which Weir painted on his own farms. He spent six or seven months of each year in Connecticut, where he owned two country places, and where he hunted and fished in season. He would spend alternate summers at Windham and Branchville. The place

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at Windham is an estate of three hundred and fifty acres, and has been in Mrs. Weir's family for one hundred and fifty years. A ball in honor of Lafayette was once given in this house. Each generation of Mrs. Weir's family has added to the original structure, until now it is large and rambling and full of quaint charm. There are ancient forest trees round about, which many of us know in the landscapes not only of Weir, but of his friend, Emil Carlsen, who lived nearby for many summers. The other place at Branchville is of two hundred acres, heavily forested with fine old timber. The old house has an immense living-room with an old oak floor, and its windows are quaint Dutch ones which Weir brought from Holland. Once, when a party of friends joined Weir for a week of fishing in the spring, three cords of wood were burned in two days in the two vast fireplaces at opposite ends of this room. Six-foot logs are offered up, and the sacrificial blaze is a roaring one. It is pleasant to think of Weir's handsome, silvered head in the firelight, his eyes merry with anecdote or softened with sentiment. He was a delightful story teller and a great listener to the stories of others. His big laugh was of a kind that warmed the heart.

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His mind was alert and active, keen and shrewd in criticism, yet generous and tolerant, the mind of a big man. He loved animals, especially dogs. It would be hard to find pictures more intimate in their charm than the water colors he painted of his own hunting dogs asleep around his hearth after a hard day in the woods. Fishing was a passion with Weir. Recently I was looking over his scrap-books, and most of the press clippings were not about art at all, but about "The Elusive Trout," "Beguiling the Tom Cod," "The Sensitive Salmon." It may seem rather surprising that among his landscapes we find few records of the sport he loved so well; no pictures of little rivers where he waded hip high, or of shadowy pools into which he dropped his tempting flies! Evidently he felt that art had no more to do with sport than with politics and business. It was his life work to search for beauty and then to express it. Sport was his relaxation, into which he could plunge with whole-hearted gusto, leaving art behind. There are two pictures entitled "The Fishing Party," both very lovely landscapes with figures enveloped in silvery sunshine, but they are for connoisseurs of rare beauty—not

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for sportsmen. He was fond of telling stories, but not on canvas. I do not remember a single story-telling picture from his hand.

One of the most charming and one of the most completely representative of Weir's paintings is "The Donkey Ride," showing his daughters, Dorothy and Cora, when they were little girls, mounted on dainty and demure gray donkeys against a beautiful background of hillside and summer sky. From a decorative standpoint this picture is a thing of extraordinary loveliness. There is no modelling and no atmosphere, for everything has been deliberately kept flat to convey the joy of a mellow old tapestry. The well-worn leather of the old saddle and the rough hair of the donkey are realistic in effect and tempt us to touch them, so wonderful is the "vraisemblance," but these textures are lovely for their own sake and, although each bit suggests vividly the character of what it represents, yet there is an abstract beauty which ties every part together. Charming of course as a poem on all happy American childhood in the country, yet this picture is chiefly valuable perhaps because of its design, which is as fine as those by "old mas-

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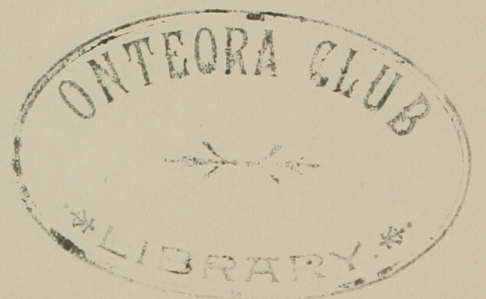
ters" of the Far East or of the eighteenth century, when Japanesque caprice rather than classic convention ruled. Often, by the way, we are reminded of the spirit of the eighteenth century in England. As Royal Cortissoz has observed, "There is the old English flavour of those winsome color prints, 'The Cries of London,' in such a picture as 'The Flower Girl'—a canvas which cheers and charms us like a quaint and ever refreshing song of long ago."

Scarcely less adorable than "The Donkey Ride" is the other donkey picture entitled "Visiting Neighbors," representing Cora Weir tying her donkey to a garden gate at about noontime of a summer's day. Whereas "The Donkey Ride" was not only a donkey ride but a decoration, this picture is first and last just a vivid glimpse of the real world at Branchville, Connecticut, and of a little girl who had a good time with that particular donkey, and who used to tie it to that particular rustic fence which her daddy had noticed took on just that grayish violet tone at that hour of the sunflecked green midday. The quivering joyous languor of the hour is conveyed in the artist's most mas-

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terly manner. The tree trunks are rough and beautifully true, the texture of the bark suggested in striated brush strokes of violet and brown. The drowsy gray donkey and the little girl are immersed in sun and air. As the little girl would say, "It's the good old summer time." There is a monotony of content everywhere. How it stills the soul to feel a little breeze in one's hair, to stretch one's body till it thrills, to play with children and animals, to be a child again and follow the lure of one's own caprice in the great outdoors! Richard Hovey, poet of comradeship and the open sky, has put the mood into living language:

*"O good, damp, smell of the ground,
O rough, sweet, bark of the trees,
O clear, sharp, cracklings of sound,
O life that's athrill and abound
With the vigor of boyhood and morning
And the noon-time's rapture of ease!
Was there ever a weary heart in the world,
A lag in the body's urge
Or a flag to the spirit's wings?
Did a man's heart ever break
For a lost hope's sake?
For here there's such lilt in the quiet
And such calm in the quiver of things."*

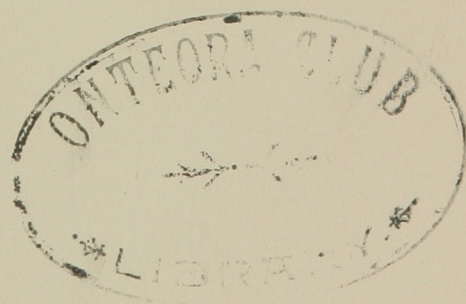


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Back of the old farm-house at Branchville is the rocky hillside which Alden Weir has immortalized in that epic picture of the American farmer amid soil and sky entitled, "Plowing for Buckwheat." Weir did not want us to think that the frame for this picture would contain all that was worth transcribing. He wished us to understand that his viewpoint was more or less unstudied, that what he painted was a hastily selected part of the big world of cloud-shine and old trees and fallow, fertile fields which stretched immeasurably above and beyond the borders of his canvas. This largeness of nature worship and this unconscious function he performed of painting American epic poetry accounts for what has been called a carelessness on Weir's part in composing his landscapes. We have seen that in "The Donkey Ride" he could satisfy those who require a pattern in a picture, but the essential Weir was more concerned with expressing the big though simple emotions which nature gave him, than with the patterns which could be arranged out of her raw materials. If you are a lover of open American hill country, not the culminating majesty of mountain peaks, nor the perfection of paradise valleys,

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but just nice livable, lovable farm land, neither too opulent nor too austere, then you will enjoy yourself in the landscapes of Weir. The season is usually summer, the hour morning or approaching noon, with overhead light in a pale sky. In the "Plowing for Buckwheat" great, billowy clouds are crisply accented against the azure in silvered brilliancy. A drowsy heat pervades the air. It feels good to drop down on some sweet-smelling hay under a friendly tree and look up. An imperceptible breeze stirs the upper branches. The distant woods are mellowed by travelling shadows. It is pleasant to watch the slow, brown oxen, the sunbaked hillside, and the farmer who turns from his plow with a friendly "how-d' do." In "The Fishing Party," the sun under which we stand seems to silver the ferny foreground, the sky so subtly modulated in key from the horizon up, and the distant woods beyond the open fields. Across a little bridge pass the white-clad figures of friends going a-fishing. If only one could hear the hum of insect life and of incidental, unimportant human voices, the sensation of any sunny summer day on a farm would be complete. And Weir was no more true in recording day than



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in remembering night. He fascinates with the exact effect of a spooky darkness as fitfully glimpsed in the flare of a rusty old lantern.

In painting people instead of places, it is fascinating to see Weir's mind concerned with different problems and expressing beauty and character with a technical method of combed lines and varied surfaces for conveying a sense of flesh and fabric under diffused light, which is perhaps even more individual and distinctive than the short stroke, the embroidering touch employed so wonderfully for the landscapes. In the many paintings in oil and water color celebrating the charm of children, one is led to believe that Weir's genius was never more inspired than in the interpretation of childhood. Who can forget the sweet and demure little girl whose kitten slumbers in her gently folded arms? This picture deserves to rank among the great portraits of children. Even Sargent's "Beatrice and the Bird Cage" is not more beautiful than the "Little Lizzie Lynch" of Weir. Sargent became tender and reverent in painting children, but when they grew up he saw them in his worldly way, wisely and without sentiment. Weir's human-

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ity did not stop with children. His imagination was deeply moved by the old-fashioned American girl as he loved to think of her, in her sensitive, radiant youth, full of her sweet contradictions, free and frank and fine of body and soul, the comrade and playmate of man, yet more puritan than pagan, with an inarticulate reserve coming up at the first hint of sentiment, to conceal depths of dear, mysterious, feminine emotion. All this we seem to know about Weir's young American woman without, of course, ever stopping to analyze her, which would be destructive of the charm the artist makes us feel in her presence. Weir was the inspired interpreter of a chosen American type that is marked by a penetrating sort of refinement which he revered and to which he could impart a charm through the chivalric graciousness and the hellenic joyousness of his own mind. This refinement which he saw and sought to express was not at all a matter of class or race, although the New England woman of old Anglo-Saxon lineage was a favorite theme. In the portrait of Miss de L. at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, we feel Weir's interest and respect for a type which might be called middle class

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European. We rather think that she is a Jewess of European parentage. Perhaps she is a dressmaker or manages a small shop. She has been good looking, but years of drudgery and disappointment have exacted their toll. She is a brave woman. So it is always with the types chosen by Weir. He sets us wondering about them. The men also are interpreted with profound sympathy and understanding, their physical beings so suggested that we feel their living presence in the pigments. The portrait of his brother, Colonel Weir, is a masterpiece and, as the subject requires, is ruggedly painted in a style which would have done injustice to his gentler sitters. And the portrait of the great poet-painter, Ryder—what a noble head! We know that this man is a genius, and that he lives in a world of his own invention. Weir was Ryder's guardian angel. Some day there will be a tale to tell, a revelation of all that the great-hearted Weir was to poor Ryder, and it will be the basis for a most beautiful legend. No two men could have been more different. There was never anything literary or mystical about Weir, and yet he understood Ryder's poet soul, and in his portrait we share his reverence for the superb

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intellect and greatness which animated the lonely dreamer whose eccentric personality and shabby appearance might have attracted mere curiosity and pity from the casual observer.

Perhaps the finest of Weir's many interpretations of feminine character is "The Gentlewoman" of the National Gallery in Washington—a person of rather austere intellectual type, one might assume at first glance; yet soon enough we recognize that she is really a gentle, gray lady whose meditations are sound and sweet. It is delightful to remember her, the simple lines and colors of her dress, the unobtrusive dignity of her hands, the smouldering light in her downcast eyes, as of spent moments and bright memories. With infinite sympathy and admiration her youth has been revealed in the very embarrassment of taking leave of her for always. Yet we see that the art of living is ever at her command, and that the years will add to her exquisite distinction. Hers is a personality before which we stand uncovered, introduced by a very courteous gentleman who knows her worth, and whose praise is as fine a tribute to Woman as ever an age of chivalry could boast. The man

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who created this portrait was not merely an accomplished painter; he was a great artist and inspired by a great ideal.

If "The Gentlewoman" is Weir's masterpiece in the idealized naturalism of his figure paintings, the "Pan and the Wolf" may be chosen (it was his own choice) as his most important landscape. Certainly it is the most impressive, because of its classic grandeur of design. The artist seems to have said to himself, "Now, suppose I try a classic landscape as Corot would have painted had he lived a little longer." And so—there is the same glamour of twilight on the edge of a wood, of color lingering in the western sky, of the illusions that linger in a green glade silvered in dew-drenched dimness, of antique figures in a dreamy dusk. But now there is added pale air that trembles, transparent shadows on the rocks and jewelled gleams woven through the mystery of dark and light to make the memory of oncoming night not only more beautiful, but more true. To challenge comparison with Corot was a daring thing to do, yet the comparison was inevitable, nor does Weir suffer by it. The Frenchman may have been the greater master of design and the more perfect painter, but

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he confined himself to a much narrower range. Weir was incapable of repeating the "Pan and the Wolf" as Corot repeated over and over his dance of dryads, or of Italianized shepherds in sylvan settings, where every tree is in its proper place. The two men were most alike, and most spontaneous and delightful, when they were content to represent the familiar scenes they lived in and learned to love. Corot pleases me most in his bright little *paysages intimes* of sunny country roads and his well-loved lake near Ville d'Avray. It seems to me that it is not the Weir of the "Pan and the Wolf," but of such landscapes as "The Old Connecticut Farm," the "High Pasture," the "Visiting Neighbors," "The Fishing Party," the "Plowing for Buckwheat," "The Spreading Oak," the "Birches at Windham," the "Building a Dam," "The Hunter's Moon," the "Afternoon by the Pond," and the "Woodland Rocks," who will live forever as the poet-painter who sang the song of spring and summer and autumn in the American countryside, the song of American sunshine, of sweet American breezes rippling through summer leafage, the song of American skies, and of New England fields, for

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all their stones, and of friendly woods, not in spite of but because of their slender second growth. Weir loved nature too much in particular places to alter the aspect of his familiar world. If an ideal loveliness is in his landscapes, it is the idealism again of the man's own nature expressing its joy in reality through a magic of beautiful painting.

Weir's wonderful versatility and courage for new experiments, the adventurous spirit of the man, continued into his old age, and it is a joy to record that, in many ways, his latest pictures are his best. There seemed to be an ever increasing mastery in his method of solving each problem. Never before had he been more certain to achieve beauty of texture and solidity of form, evanescence of light and concealment of labor. The "Knitting" of 1918 has exquisite transitions of light and the most enchanting tones. The modelling achieves on a flat surface and without apparent effort a perfect realization of weight as well as of form. The drawing is profoundly sensitive and expressive of the subject, a wholesome American girl day-dreaming as she knits her helmet of gray wool for the boy who will fight for her rather more than for Democracy. In spite of

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fatal illness and failing strength, J. Alden Weir, in this affectionate tribute to the American woman in the war, did his bit with all his accustomed genius, nobility, and charm.

On the 8th of December, 1919, Weir died of heart failure after a protracted illness, through which he had been inexhaustibly cheerful, patient, and productive. He will always symbolize for me in his life and express for me in his art the wholesome sagacity of choice, the nervous complexity of purpose, the high unformulated ideals, the virile simplicity of soul of our own United States.

WEIR THE PAINTER

By Emil Carlsen

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR's noble simplicity, generosity, and lovable personality lives in his every picture. As the man was, so are his works. He saw beauty and truth in nature, and with his fine temperament and his accumulated science he knew how to translate this beauty as few painters before his time. His art stands alone, and is perfect of its kind.

To paint a study of a young girl with a book or a fan, or a musical instrument, telling no story, to paint a simple landscape of a few trees against a hillside, and to make from such simple motives a great work was Weir's mission in modern American art.

Weir painted portraits, none better — painted with a full brush, rich and mellow in tone, with fine distinction. The National Academy of Design owns his portrait of Albert Ryder, a splendid canvas. Not only is it an excellent character study of Weir's friend, sincere and living, it *is* Ryder, the dreamer, the poet, the artist. Sound in technique, powerful in quiet color, without affectation, without mannerism, this canvas is a masterpiece.

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To explain what makes this work so great, what there is in Weir's picture that holds a lover of fine painting spellbound, is difficult. To analyze a picture by Vermeer, by Metsu, by any of the Dutch wizards of painting, is an easier task. Those masters' workmanship is unassailable, perfect, no such painting, as mere painting, has since been done. Their knowledge covered everything that could be learned, every object, in or out of doors, was enveloped in its atmosphere, values were superbly understood, which means that the local color contained in shadow and light was justly observed and rendered, a science many schools have not understood, or have ignored, their painting suffering for this omission. Add to this knowledge—the A B C of Dutch painting—fine color, fine expression of light, *chiaroscuro*, tonal beauty, and you have a picture of quality.

Weir's painting is also learned, and not unlike Dutch painting in its fine atmospheric quality, its just observation of values, its exquisite harmony. He is an excellent draughtsman, spaces well, colors well, and knows better than any one how to eliminate all superfluities for the ultimate ensemble. To him strong contrast is not needed in his trans-

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lation, so, although all facts are based on nature, painted out of doors and thoroughly studied, studied with the keenest of observation, those facts are put on the canvas in a gamut according to the will of the painter. Lights are subdued, shadows kept in hand, never very dark, still full of local color—the picture always a whole, simple impression.

Don't draw too much, is Weir's motto; don't color too much, the color must be felt, not seen—so the drawing. A Weir landscape or figure composition is simplicity itself, but painted with consummate knowledge, with a "fat," solid technique, power and delicacy combined, the plainest of method, still full of mystery—not the mystery of Ryder, nor the poetry, maybe, of Twachtman, but of a mysterious quality entirely its own, a subtle individuality of an exceedingly fine temperament.

This Weir quality is his highest achievement, is felt in all his work, in portrait, figure, landscape, or still life. Who, in American art, or in any art, has painted roses like Weir? The first painting by Weir I ever saw was a small picture of tea-roses, a few inches square, quite sketchy, an understanding of how blossoms should be painted, a revelation.

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Before this revelation I, as a student, had tried to understand the mastery of Dutch art, also of Chardin's art,—here was something finer, more exquisite, nature seen through a nobler temperament. And so forever since, every new picture has brought a new delight.

On the walls of exhibitions a picture by Weir would dominate by its choice charm, its fine impression, would carry across the gallery, would be just as delightful after intimate study, would gain on acquaintance—to the student a great lesson, to the lover of fine painting a joy.

The list of Weir's paintings, drawings, and etchings is a long one, and from the charming little head of a French peasant girl until his last landscape, a list of work well seen and splendidly rendered. "The Hunter's Moon," the two "Nocturnes" painted from his Park Avenue studio, "Pan and the Wolf," "The Gentlewoman," "Little Lizzie Lynch," "The Fishing Party," "The Donkey Ride," to name a few of his great pictures, are pictures which, once seen, will stay forever in one's mind, pictures to live with for all time, when so many, many paintings are utterly forgotten.

WEIR

By Royal Cortissoz

THE important thing about Weir was his singularity, his occupancy of a place apart. For years it has been interesting to observe the manner in which this was recognized. His name was literally one to conjure with, and it figured, therefore, with a peculiar salience in conversation. In exhibition catalogues, biographical dictionaries, and other works of reference he was recorded as J. Alden Weir. His closest intimates called him Julian. To frequenters of the world of art at large, and amongst his admiring coevals and juniors, he was known simply as Weir. The brevity of the designation implied not familiarity but respect. His status was that of an artist who by superior gifts is naturally detached from the rank and file of his profession—the status of a La Farge or a Whistler, an Inness or a Sargent. But in Weir's case the significance of the tribute paid him by his contemporaries requires a rather special interpretation. That fine status of his, fixed long ago, was based on none of the traits which ordinarily exalt a painter. He was not a puissant colorist and designer

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like La Farge. His originality never asserted itself as Whistler's did. Sargent's self-confident virtuosity was a thing of which he knew nothing. Weir had disciples, but he would have laughed at the idea of posing as a *chef d'école*. In the whole range of his work—and he was a prolific artist, having into the bargain a marked versatility—it is doubtful if there could be found a single picture of the sort that is commonly called "great." On the other hand, he produced many pictures that were purely beautiful. It was through them that he won his high repute, through them and the personality behind them.

Where he was concerned, admiration for the artist was always accompanied by affection for the man. It is inconceivable that he ever could have had any enemies. The jealousies which sometimes follow upon such success as his must have died of their own meanness in the atmosphere of his presence. He was generous in his appreciation of others, helpful to the younger men who turned to him for counsel, and a staunch friend. He had an endearing laugh, the kind of chuckle that belongs only to a sweet nature. Perhaps, too, there was something in the sheer beauty of

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his physiognomy which helped to make him winning. The phrase is rarely applicable to a man, but one has only to look at the bronze bust of him by Olin Warner in the Metropolitan Museum to see that it is apposite. In his prime, when that bust was modelled, Weir had the radiant aspect which legend associates with the young Athenian athletes of antiquity. His profile was like that which is sometimes encountered on a Greek coin—only there was nothing austere about it. He was one of the sunniest, most human of creatures, a jolly figure in the old days of the Tile Club, an ardent fisherman, altogether a type of warm and friendly ways, an ingenuous lover of nature and of his fellow men. If he was a fastidious chooser of comrades, it was also characteristic of him to give his heart with both hands when he gave it at all.

But what is it that meant such a loss to American art when he died? It is the thing that so early in his career led to his being called just “Weir”—his ardor for beauty, his lofty standard, his energy in the quest for whatever was fine in art, and the impression he unconsciously conveyed that this quest was somehow, with him, a matter of

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divine election. The stamp of something like genius was upon him. He lived, I repeat, in a place apart, his proceedings seeming always to have a certain lofty sanction. He recognized by instinct the perfect work of art. There are some delightful stories of his European experiences, which were those of a modest artist placed by collectors who were his friends in a position to rub Aladdin's lamp when he peered into a likely corner. He it was who bought for Erwin Davis the "Jean d'Arc," by Bastien-Lepage, which Mr. Davis gave to the Metropolitan, and, if I am not mistaken, it was to him that the same collector was indebted for one or both of the two Manets which he gave to the Museum, the "Boy with Sword" and the "Woman with Parrot." It all happened thirty years ago and more—the Davis gifts were made in 1889—but there stays in the mind a delectable anecdote of Weir suddenly invading Manet's studio, of his pouncing upon the pictures, and of the Frenchman's grateful astonishment. Possibly it is apocryphal. That does not matter. The tale is thoroughly in keeping with Weir's faculty for wise, disinterested transactions.

There is another story of his buying at Agnew's the

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magnificent "Portrait of a Man," by Rembrandt (the portrait of a young sitter, in high hat and large flat collar), which is in the Marquand collection at the Metropolitan. Weir was going abroad, and, so the story runs, Mr. Marquand asked him to keep his eyes open for anything that struck him as superlatively good. He saw the Rembrandt in London and, though it cost \$25,000, he bought it on the spot, cabling the good news over. While he was waiting for a reply, the dealers surprised him by offering to buy the picture back at an advance of \$10,000. Weir smiled his enchanting smile and brought the Rembrandt home. Doubtless there are other incidents of a similar nature which might be chronicled. There must have been numerous amateurs who were only too glad to lean upon his taste. For his taste was impeccable. It made him a tower of strength for his fellow craftsmen. When the Society of American Artists came into being, in the late 70's, Weir was one of the founders as a matter of course. Equally was it a matter of course that he should have served for a year or two, not so very long ago, as President of the National Academy of Design; that he should have been a member of the

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Federal Commission of Fine Arts; that, in a word, he should always have played his part in matters of artistic organization. Was he not generous as well as wise, an artist who labored not only for himself but for the good of his period? His liberality of feeling extended, too, well beyond the boundaries of that artistic domain in which he was most at home. He contributed to the celebrated "Armory Show," which the Association of American Painters and Sculptors organized in 1913. All the catalogues of the exhibitions made by the Society of Independent Artists are not at hand, but in the one for 1919, at all events, he is recorded as a member. In my memories of the last twenty-five or thirty years, he has some association with every progressive episode I can recall.

Weir labored with a will for others. The labor that he did for himself was, in a sense, the hardest of all. That is to say, his painting was not by any means the fruit of swift, facile craftsmanship, and to reckon him amongst the pampered children of the gods would be to miss the true secret of his genius. All that he accomplished was the outcome of a peculiarly strenuous devotion. He did not

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inherit his artistic fortunes. He conquered them. An old letter to me contains a passage eloquent of his point of view. "It may be indiscreet," he says, "to admit that I have never drawn or painted a canvas but that it has fallen discouragingly short of what I tried for." There is nothing indiscreet, and I have no compunction, in citing so noble an admission. It points to the very heart of Weir's character as an artist, the positively sacred zeal with which he sought after perfection, the loftiness and inflexibility of his standard. It is odd to reflect that when he went as a young man to Paris, he received his training under the guidance of Gérôme. But he foregathered in the atelier of that bleak disciplinarian with such men as Bastien-Lepage, Helleu, and Dagnan-Bouveret. Like them he had the power to deviate from the formulae of his master. He did so at the time, but not so far as to make himself unacceptable to the Salon. In the "Idle Hours," which was presented by "several gentlemen" to the Metropolitan in 1888, the year in which it was painted, we perceive clearly enough that for a considerable period after his return from Paris Weir was still under the rather repressive influence of that city's modern

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tradition, still content with its famous gray light. Nor is it a remarkable picture. But it is a good one, and the distinction, as I have already noted, is always cropping out in the annals of Weir. No painter perpetually strikes twelve. Even the greatest masters have their moments which are less felicitous than others. Weir was not always on the heights. Wherever he was, he captured that elusive element which criticism recognizes as "quality."

Weir's Parisian habit, in which "quality" was obscured beneath the mechanics of picture-making, lasted into the 90's. But all the time he had been mulling over the impressionistic hypothesis, experimenting with problems of light. Then he took the plunge. Instead of the rich, sometimes "fat" tone which had distinguished his paintings, especially his lovely pictures of flowers and still life, there appeared in his landscapes an air which was not of the studio, but which seemed to blow straight from out of doors. I can well remember his excitement over the change he was making. It was as though he had come into possession of a new heaven and a new earth. I can remember also that his touch in this phase at first lacked certainty.

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The earliest of the distinctly impressionistic landscapes that he showed recur to me as forming a curiously uneven exhibition. They had vitality, yet they did not quite arrive. The general effect was a little thin. Their forms were not authoritatively defined. The color was without that precious quality to which I have alluded. Yet quality was to prove precisely the secret of his ultimate triumph.

Would that triumph have come sooner if he had more rigidly narrowed the scope of his endeavor, making landscape his sole motive? He was an experimentalist if ever there was one, and the remark applies to the matter of subject as well as to that of method. In painting the figure he moved within clearly marked limitations. There was in him no inspiration for the big, dramatic composition, nor had he any marked predilection for the purely decorative motive. There was no mistaking his relation to the group of artists who had their initiation into mural painting at Chicago, at the time of the World's Fair in 1892. They were all afire over the new opportunity, and Weir was as eager as any in the band. Still his dome was not one of the successes amongst the porticoes of the Liberal Arts Build-

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ing. It was plain that mural painting was not for him. But this is not to say that the figure was outside his range. On the contrary, when he accepted his natural rôle, he painted the figure not only with adequacy, showing that he had not wasted his time in the atelier of Gérôme, but with a personal touch positively magical. It was the touch of a portrait painter doubled with the poet. Sometimes, as in "The Pink Bodice," he seemed to be echoing an early tradition, as though half-forgotten contacts with the art of Sir Joshua had come back to stir his emotions; but more often he would be the unique interpreter, the new and original artist enveloping a type of feminine grace in an air that was all his own, very simple, very refined, very beautiful. He had stopped "picture-making" and gone on to just the painting of impressions, records of types seen—and enriched by imagination and taste.

There was always something lyrical about Weir's work at its best. The epical, the monumental, was not in his province. Hence his only momentary absorption in mural decoration. Hence his abstention, after a few ventures, from the beguilements of stained glass. With still life he

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was as much at home as with the figure that enmeshed him in no great problems of design, and with flowers he was superb, an authentic member of that small group which embraces Fantin-Latour in France, Maria Oakey Dewing in America, and only a few others. I am tempted here, with the thought of Weir's multifarious excursions in my mind, to glance briefly at his prints. One of them, the "Arcturus," is an amazing *tour de force*, a proof that he could have made himself a masterly Academician if he had believed it worth while. But though this and several portraits remind us that he could draw form with power, if he chose, the bulk of his too few prints belong in another world. In them his nervous, skillful line is put at the service of landscape, and there it takes on its greatest effectiveness.

When Weir turned to landscape, he added to the adequacy, the charm, of his finest figure paintings a merit which he drew in part from his subject. It is obvious in his etchings and even more so in his canvases. Give him a straggling stone wall or rail fence enclosing a Connecticut pasture, a farmer at his plow, the bridge over a New

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England stream, the roofs of a factory town, and, above all, trees, plenty of racy North American trees, with the very spirit of our country-side in their sturdy trunks and shimmering leafage, and he could translate it all into incomparable beauty. The light of the Impressionists became the light of Weir, silvery and exquisite. Earth and sky took on an investiture of artistic freshness which only he could give them—and moved us with the urgency of poignant truth. When he painted one of those landscapes of his, he gave it the delicate visionary loveliness of a dream, yet he left the picture the unmistakable portrait of a place. He was always tackling new themes; his life, as has been indicated, was one long endeavor, but in the landscape paintings of his later period his genius seems to have come home, to have passed with a kind of effortless felicity into true artistic form. They are the final legacy of Weir, rounding out, bringing to a climax, all the characteristics at which I have glanced. They explain why he never lost his hold upon the imaginations of his admirers. Those who watched him knew from the beginning that he was in pursuit of a glorious ideal and they saw him realize it.

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Thinking of his achievement, and of his influence, the future historian of American art will linger most, I believe, upon an essentially spiritual factor in him. Weir had technical ability. He had a style. But it was his point of view that won the day. Long ago Walter Pater contended that Platonism was not a system of philosophy but a habit of mind. So was Weir's passion for beauty. He did not bring it within the confines of a dogma nor put it into words at all, but simply flung the fruits of it upon canvas. He accustomed us not to a certain kind of picture, measurable in words, but to a habit of mind, a fine, enkindling impulse.

REMINISCENCES OF WEIR

By Childe Hassam

IF artists (broadly speaking) are seers, we might, as a people, pay some attention to the remark made some years ago by Rodin, the famous French sculptor. "There is," he said, "a renaissance in Art now going on in America, but the American people are completely unaware of it." If this is so—and some very astute and capable men believe that it is, for they are collecting works by American artists—then the name of Julian Alden Weir will hold a high place in the art history of the time.

I came to New York from Paris in the autumn of 1889, but it was 1890 before I knew anybody in the town very well. I was from Boston and just too young, by a few years, to have known Weir in Paris. I even missed his footprints there, but I know he left some. However, we soon became very well acquainted in the New York of the 90's.

"The Ten American Painters" was started during the winter of 1897-98. I proposed the idea to Weir one evening in his house on 12th Street. I remember thinking the whole thing over on my walk down town from 57th Street, where

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I had my apartment and studio in the old Rembrandt. I remember that I walked down Seventh Avenue and through Longacre (now Times) Square, then down Broadway. At that time it was really a very quiet and residential walk. There was not much movement on the streets until you came to 42d Street. It might have been called quite gay as you reached 23d. There were no automobiles, and Times Square looked nothing like the Midway and Machine Shop it now resembles. However, enough of this New York street scene of only twenty years ago!

“The Ten” was my idea entirely. Weir fell for it like—well, like an artist! Twachtman was the first painter to whom we talked. Thayer was asked and the three Boston men, Tarbell, Benson, and De Camp, but Thayer did not come in. Then the other men, Metcalfe, Dewing, Simmons, and Reid, whom we met often at “The Players’ Club,” made up “The Ten.” The plan was to have an Exhibition at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, then at 36th Street and Fifth Avenue. It was one of the large, old New York mansions with a gallery that had a top-light—a real picture gallery of moderate size. There were to be no officers, and the meet-

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ings to arrange for the Exhibitions were at first held at The Players' Club. Some of the earliest Exhibitions — two or three, if not more — were hung by dividing the wall space into ten centres, one wall cut by a door not being so good. Weir was always enthusiastic about this method of hanging. He was always well represented in every Exhibition which "The Ten" held, and never missed one — which was a much better record than some of us made. In fact, Weir and Twachtman may be said to have contributed most to its artistic success. At least I thought so at the time, and I think so more than ever now.

I saw a great deal of Weir in town and country. The first dinner I went to in a New York painter's home was at Weir's charming 12th Street house with its fine old furniture and pewter. His old pewter was a note in his dining-room. I remember a Thanksgiving dinner in the 12th Street house, with Weir and a turkey at one end of the old oak table (which was without a white cloth, most unusual this in New York at the time), and then there was Twachtman and another turkey at the other end. And there was old pewter on the table. It is handsome anywhere — old oak and pewter

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and fine blue and white porcelain. Few were on to it then. Weir's house and family were handsome and distinguished, and he himself had one of the handsomest heads I have ever seen anywhere on man or woman. We can still look at Olin Warner's bust. As for his manner, it went with his looks. He was a rare creation. Never shall we know a finer one!

How much Weir did for his time and generation in the way of advice about buying works of art should not be forgotten. I was on the point of writing *expert* advice, but this word has been so much abused. Anybody is an expert who sells or writes about art, or even auctions it off to the highest bidder. Of course some of these are experts as to the current value of the works, but we know how such values change. Weir and his great friend, C. E. S. Wood, told me that Cottier could tell a work of art a mile away. It is my great regret that I was not to meet Cottier. He went off the stage of New York Art as I came on. But I can most sincerely say the same thing of Weir and Wood. For these two men liked so many different things and such divergent ones—and they did not make a single mistake (enough time has gone by to make us sure of this) by pick-

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ing out things which would not stand the test of time. Weir bought the "Boy with Sword" and "Woman with Parrot," by Manet, Bastien-Lepage's "Jean d'Arc," Rembrandt's "Man with a Black Hat" —all now at the Metropolitan Museum. C. E. S. Wood bought Albert Ryder's masterpiece, "Jonah and the Whale," as soon as it was finished, and it was a pretty delicate operation to get a good grip on a Ryder when it was finished and to hold on to it hard! The "Jonah" is a wonderfully beautiful picture, and is now in the collection of John Gellatly of New York. It hung for years in Wood's house in Portland, Oregon, and was shown in the Ryder Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum a year or two ago. Gellatly, I believe, has been quoted as saying, "I wonder how the Museum ever allowed me to get hold of it."

The story goes, too, about Weir's being in Durand-Ruel's Paris gallery one day when Stanford White came in. "McKim's doing a Library for Boston — who's the man to make a big mural painting?" asked White. "Why Puvis, of course!" exclaimed Weir. They went from there to the Place Pigalle, found Puvis de Chavannes, and we know the

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rest. He painted for Boston one of the most beautiful mural decorations in the world. There must be a great many more things like this we owe to Weir.

But we owe most to him for giving us his own very beautiful and very personal works in painting and etching, made throughout a life devoted to his art. Whistler declared that he knew Weir well when he was a cadet at West Point and a student of drawing under Weir's father. "Don't you remember, Weir—you used to carry notes for me to the Professor of Chemistry?" Silicon was not a gas, and that is why Whistler went out of West Point before Weir could possibly have been old enough really to have known him there. Again a matter of *those few years!* Whistler liked Weir, and of course swore that he had met him at West Point.¹

¹ They met as artists in Paris, in a room of the Louvre, where Weir was making a copy. He had his back turned to the passers-by, but became conscious of one man walking up and down, up and down past his easel, looking at his work. Finally he was heard to murmur, "Not bad—not bad at all!" With his delightful smile Weir turned and bowed his thanks. The man said, "I'm Whistler." They chatted a few moments, found much to talk about, and arranged to dine together. Whistler was to call for Weir and take him somewhere to dinner. He was late. He usually was late. But Jimmy finally appeared, and urged him to come to his rooms and take pot-luck. Instead, Weir found a most Bohemian dinner party—but the guests still waiting for their host, who had not appeared. It was a sumptuous feast with many novel features. D. P.

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From West Point Weir went to Paris, where he did not stay too long; then back to New York, where he produced the works known to all art lovers for their rare quality of color, whether low or, as later in life, high in key and always personal in arrangement. He painted Interiors with figures, many portraits of his family—still life—landscapes—animals. I recall two exceptionally fine water colors, dogs by the fireside. Weir made many fine water colors. I always cite Weir's portrait of a young woman standing by a mirror, entitled "The Green Bodice" (at the Metropolitan Museum) when I am asked, for instance, who has painted a notable portrait. It is a portrait of a professional model, and some of the notable portraits of the world are of unknown people like models.

I should say that the distinguished aspects of all these canvases are, a certain fine quality of tone—an almost unfailing feeling for quality of paint, and a very delicate and rare quality of color on the subtle gray, or muted scale. In arrangements Weir's pictures have dignity and a naïve tendency of line. They are the work of a very sincere and distinguished artist.

THE TILE CLUB

By J. B. Millet

THE TILE CLUB is now only a memory, and not a familiar one for the present generation of art lovers, but in the 80's and years following it was an inspiration to the group of artists whose names are still in our minds, and whose works are a silent appeal to our best thoughts. The Tile Club seems to have been called together by a sort of mental telepathy, as if each member, busy in his own studio, was searching unconsciously for that sympathetic, appreciative companionship for which those who express themselves in the language of art feel the need. At first, when the club meetings were mostly conversational, criticism of one another's work, and more or less of the world in general, was the chief amusement. One night a member brought in some undecorated, unbaked tiles and some specimens of finished productions, made in a pottery recently started near Boston. Many of these tiles were most excellent in color. The accidental effects due to the flow of glaze in baking were charming. Here was a new medium of expression. Why not have a try at it? Why not

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paint on tiles, and see how they came out in the baking? No one took the matter seriously at first. It was pure fun. Some of the results, however, suggested serious effort to secure the like effect in oils! Fortunately, portions of their conversation were recorded later by two keen observers with good memories, Earl Shinn and F. Hopkinson Smith.

“I believe I am getting the pearly shadows on flesh to-day, and it is a tile that is teaching me,” said the figure artist. “Those difficult gray shadows on the temples, under a girl’s hair. Oil painting never quite resembles flesh, you know; it is brutal and dirty in its essence. Water color is flimsy at the best, and cannot give the modelled quality of a living sitter. Now I am thinking that the solution lies in faience—solidity of oil, diaphanous look of water color; in fact, a grand union of all those qualities of ivory, velvet, changeable moth’s wing, and rose petal which bother us so awfully when we wrestle with a girl’s mouth in flesh painting.”

When congenial souls are brought together, almost any correlative interest will hold them in touch while companionship grows. Tile painting served in this case, and

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before long the club included a goodly number of the leading artists then living in New York. Their youthful spirits, their jovial and affectionate fellowship, is made clear to us now by the names they gave each other, understood only by themselves.

At first the membership included only a few painters. Then one or two sculptors were added, and three or four musicians were invited. It would be impossible, of course, for artists of such prominence to meet in this way without creating unusual interest, consequently delicately hinted requests for membership were frequent, but the club managed to keep its number down and to confine its choice to kindred spirits in the allied professions of art, architecture, and music.

The membership was limited to thirty-one. Vacancies could occur only from deaths, resignations, or residence abroad. There were no officers, no dues, no constitution, and no by-laws. One custom was rigidly adhered to—election of members by unanimous vote. The only surviving members of this remarkable group are Dielman, Maynard, Vedder, and Shugio. A complete list of founders and members with their club pseudonyms follows:

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Founders

Walter Paris	<i>The Gaul</i>	Painter
E. Wimbridge	<i>The Grasshopper</i>	Architect
Winslow Homer	<i>The Obtuse Bard</i>	Painter
William R. O'Donovan	<i>The Worm</i>	Sculptor

Members

Edwin Abbey	<i>The Chestnut</i>	Painter
Charles Stanley Rhinehart	<i>Sirius</i>	Illustrator
William M. Laffan	<i>Polyphemus</i>	Journalist
R. Swain Gifford	<i>The Griffin</i>	Painter
F. Hopkinson Smith	<i>The Owl</i>	Author, Artist
Frederick Dielman	<i>Terrapin</i>	Painter
Arthur Quartley	<i>The Marine</i>	Painter
George W. Maynard	<i>Bird o' Freedom</i>	Painter
Arthur B. Frost	<i>The Icicle</i>	Illustrator
Stanford White	<i>The Bearer or Builder</i>	Architect
Alfred Parsons	<i>The Englishman</i>	Artist
Napoleon Sarony	<i>The Hawk</i>	Artist
J. Alden Weir	<i>Cadmium</i>	Painter
George H. Boughton	<i>The Puritan</i>	Painter
Elihu Vedder	<i>The Pagan</i>	Painter
Earl Shinn	<i>The Bone</i>	Literature (<i>nom de plume</i> Edward Strahan)
Augustus Saint-Gaudens	<i>The Saint</i>	Sculptor
William A. Paton	<i>The Haggis</i>	Author-Journalist
Frank D. Millet	<i>The Bulgar</i>	Painter
William M. Chase	<i>Briareus</i>	Painter
Charles W. Truslow	<i>The Boarder</i>	Lawyer
William Gedney Bunce	<i>The Bishop</i>	Painter
Heromichi Shugio	<i>Varnish</i>	Art Director

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Honorary Musical Members

William C. Baird	<i>The Barytone</i>	
Gustav Kobbe	<i>The Husk</i>	Journalist
Antonio Knauth	<i>The Horsehair</i>	Music
Dr. Lewenburg	<i>Catgut</i>	

The Tile Club abode was not easy to find without instructions. One might easily pass the "main entrance" even in a slow walk, for it was a narrow, sunken doorway between two houses on West 10th Street. It opened into a narrow, dark tunnel, which ended in a small courtyard in the rear. Here, most unexpectedly, the visitor came upon a small two-story wooden house, which, as it did not quite fill the yard, had for an approach a few square feet of gravel and grass. Like many of the houses on the street, this one had decorative wrought-iron railings for the three well-worn board steps up to the door. The latter recalled the doorways in Salem or Kennebunk. A narrow entry gave the front door room to swing open, in doing which it partly obscured the entrance to the living-room on the right, for the club occupied the whole lower floor and basement. The upper floor was a studio. The club room was low studded, rather square, with two wide windows in front,

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a large fireplace, and a long table in the middle of the room around which all present gathered. In the rear were the kitchen and pantry. This hidden unique courtyard was a feature in the old studio quarter of the town. Church spires and a clock tower were so close as almost to seem to be falling upon it.

The birth of the club came at the time when decorative experimentation, such as the tying of bows on backs of chairs, painting on teacups, making monotypes aided by a clothes-wringer for a press, was the chief joy and occupation of amateurs, especially, perhaps, the young ladies. The real artist never despises a medium, no matter how low its origin, and while the members of the club assumed in the presence of their pupils an air of contempt for tile painting, they were secretly surprised at the revelation of beautiful soft tones which tiles offered for appreciation.

There was no professional rivalry, on the contrary there was a frankness in discussing one another's work. Sometimes there was what seemed to be a determination to persuade a member to abandon a method or a choice of sub-

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jects for which every one except himself knew he was not fitted. Elihu Vedder, who lived in Rome, was berated by his fellow members because he stayed over there so long instead of coming to New York and getting the benefit of criticism. The World's Fair at Chicago had not then given interior decoration its start. Collectors of paintings were few and prices low, so that to many artists life was a real struggle. Book and magazine illustration were sources of income to be well looked after. It was at this time that the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám illustrated by Vedder appeared. It was a magnificent volume and instantly popularized the poet. E. A. Abbey's double full pages in *Harper's Weekly* and his illustrations to Shakespeare's *Comedies* were then waited for by all book-lovers. The publications of those days as well as the Christmas cards contained the best work many of these members knew how to do. Witness also the etchings of the period and the lithographic calendars. The school of wood engraving which the *Century Magazine* developed was just at its highest point, and declined rapidly with the introduction of halftone engraving. The club had its summer excursions to Montauk

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Point or Tom's River, where members spent the days in sketching, roughing the work of the absent ones, and lying in the sand trying to forget their pupils!

They were equally at home in all parts of the world. A listener on the sands at Montauk could have heard references in familiar tones to Venice, Vienna, Paris, Tokyo, Algiers, Plevna, or Athens. He would have been puzzled to locate the real homes of the speakers, so completely their reminiscences blended. Du Maurier, Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema, were all intimates, and through Abbey, Sargent, Boughton, Parsons, or Millet, who lived in England, were kept in touch with the club's life.

Such a band of enthusiasts, whose serious work was the better and more enduring because of their joyous temperaments, has never been gathered together in this country since that day. It was a product of the times, when diversions were fewer, when there was more time to think and more leisure to express.

It is easy to imagine what one of these evenings would be like. The tales of sketching adventures in foreign lands; Millet's stories of the Russo-Turkish war, where he was

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correspondent for the *London News and Graphic*; Abbey's account of London society, of du Maurier longing to write books, of Alma Tadema's wonderful house in St. John's Wood and the still more marvellous price paid him for his painting, "Reading from Homer." Many years later, one who was a faithful attendant described an evening somewhat as follows:

"'Cadmium' [Weir], in evening dress, was cooking a large steak over the hot coals of the open fireplace, while Griffin [R. S. Gifford] maintained his reputation as a chef by brewing an oyster stew and making a welsh rarebit at the same time, in two chafing dishes. Into this company, stamping off the snow and slapping a homespun cap against his knees, came the 'Chestnut,' E. A. Abbey, just from England, still feeling the roll of the 'Servia,' then an ocean queen. A joyous shout followed by a hand to hand dance around the table greets him, and then silence while he delivers the messages from Tadema, Sargent, Parsons, and Rhinehart."

To Abbey we owe the origin of the word "Chestnut," given by the club to one of his interminable stories, and afterwards accepted by the outside world as a name for

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an old story. The records of the Tile Club describe it as follows:

“Now the Chestnut story is one of those interminable pointless humbug narrations which the French call a ‘scie.’ Eternally getting to the point, and never arriving there; exciting vast interest and calculation in regard to the chestnuts on a certain tree; promising a rich and racy solution in the very next sentence; straying off into episodes that baffled the ear and disappointed the hope. This tale could be prolonged by him, when he was at his best, for a good part of an hour, without ever releasing the attention or satisfying expectation. As time wore on, the more solemn and practical of the guests would look at each other gravely; the more astute sons of Belial, perceiving the joke, would steal out and fulminate and explode in corridors. At a given moment the tableful would perceive the crux, and burst into horse-laughs, with the acknowledgment that they had been vended at an inconsiderable price; and there would be one delicious, venerable Englishman, who, when all were roaring, would confess that he was always slow at catching the point of American humor, and would ask his neighbor

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to oblige him by telling what it was all about. This reprehensible hoax, let off as a test upon successive parties of those whom Britain numbered among her brightest, was by little and little quoted in social circles as a symbol. English literary men, who had heard it and been taken in by it, began to use the title in their writings as a type of an endless or unsatisfactory yarn. And the word, 'Chestnut,' crossing the sea, returned again to the land of its birth, and became the accepted definition of what is tedious, old, and interminable."

Incidents told at each other's expense were a stimulation to invention or at least to exaggeration of personal characteristics. The morning after a late session, Vedder wrote Millet as follows:

"Dear Frank, I return the five dollars I borrowed of you last night just to show you that I was not quite so much 'how came you so' as you thought I was. V."

To which Millet replied: "I return the five dollars which you did not borrow of me just to show you that you were just about what I thought you were. F. D. M."

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Vedder and Saint-Gaudens were in Yamanaka's Japanese store admiring and examining various bronzes and porcelains. Picking an unusually beautiful piece, Vedder called to Saint-Gaudens, saying, "Just look at that! And we send missionaries out there."

Among the oft repeated stories in the club was one which described an old colored woman standing in the kitchen door, calling to her daughter out-doors — "You May-Jane, come in offen de wet grass," which in time became a sort of password. Hopkinson Smith, on returning from one of his trips to Holland the year before he wrote *Well-Worn Roads in Holland, Spain, and Italy*, told the club, "Yes, I saw Chase. It was in Antwerp. I was wandering around trying to find a good thing to sketch. I came to a narrow sort of lane which led up to a courtyard near a house that looked as if Rubens might have lived in it. There in the full sunlight, back to me, with a cap on his head, a five-foot canvas in front of him, stood Chase laying in his background with mighty sweeps of his brush. I called out, "You May-Jane," and Chase, without losing a sweep or turning

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his head, and with an extra brush in his mouth, shouted back, "Come in *offen de wet grass!*" So I knew he was all right and I left him with no more words. Haven't seen or heard of him since."

Into this group came a young enthusiast, fresh from the ateliers of Paris, a painter for whom all the others predicted a glorious future, one whose remarkable personal beauty was the envy of all—J. Alden Weir. Every one's affection seemed to go out to him. All his life he was a most lovable, sincere, and sympathetic companion; and in those early days these qualities were like an aura of which he was not in the least conscious. An evening at the Tile Club did not start right until Weir appeared, and on more than one occasion it ended something like this: "Finally the Bird o' Freedom [Maynard] says—'Twelve o'clock, Tilers, I have a model coming at nine.'

"'By Jove, so have I,' nervously exclaimed Cadmium [Weir], consulting his watch, 'and she won't wait a minute.'"

WEIR THE FISHERMAN

By H. de Raasloff

WEIR loved the "out of doors," his artistic temperament as well as his virile love of sport made him seek the "open," where he found opportunities for his skill with the brush and the rod. In his later years fishing, next to painting, gave him the greatest pleasure, and whatever incense could be spared from the altar of the goddess of Art was burned at the altar of the goddess of Sport.

I remember so well the first time I met him, at a dinner given by E. R. Hewitt to the members of a newly founded fishing club, the old Woodbury Club. Weir sat at the right hand of the host, and I have never forgotten how he looked, and how he talked, and how he laughed, always ready to cap a story. Many were the places he had wetted his line, and various were the fish that had fallen to his skill. He knew the English streams almost as well as those of his native land, and his narratives were interesting because through all his stories ran that wonderful thread of artistic understanding which lifted his descriptions to a plane we philistines could not reach.

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The acquaintance of that night was destined to grow into a very warm and intimate friendship, and as his fishing partner for years I tasted to the full the charm of his strong personality.

Our first joint fishing was done from his place at Branchville, Connecticut. In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over and the "hamper" packed, we would get into the buggy, Weir of course driving.

The country around Branchville is very "paintable," and on the way to the fishing place Weir was all "artist," pointing out to me the manifold beauties of the landscape. When I called his attention to some stately trees, he said with that smile of his, "Those are my trees. I bought them because the farmers do not, as a rule, appreciate such trees and are quite liable to sell them for lumber."

The old gray horse, used to these expeditions, took its own and far from "hectic" gait, and in this easy way would we amble along until I would have to call Weir's attention to the fact that the luncheon hour was approaching and that we were yet far from our ground; whereupon he would come down from the clouds and lustily thwack

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the aged quadruped, which would jerk its tail into the air in sign of deep disapproval and break into some fancy steps remotely resembling a trot, only to lapse into its former gait. Weir would also resume his interrupted discourse, and I—realizing that after all this was quite as good as fishing—was well content to jog along with my friend. How often have I recalled the charm of those intimate drives.

Unlike a good many fishermen, he never growled at the weather and never grouched at his luck, so that I ended by calling him “Sunny Jim,” which always amused him. Given such a combination added to a singularly attractive personality, and a more delightful companion would be hard to find. I know what a pleasure it always was when I came to the part of the stream he was fishing to hear his cheery voice, “I’ve finished this pool, come and have a smoke;” and then would follow a delightful little chat, and many were the beauties he pointed out to me.

The preparations for the coming season were always a matter of keen pleasure and importance to him. For years, on the first Sunday after the 1st of January, he would

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call me up soon after breakfast—we lived in the same house on Park Avenue—and the first pipe of the season would be smoked with due solemnity, and the first overhauling of the fly-book begun.

These same flies, his flies, were the source of much fun for both of us, for he neither could nor would keep them in anything resembling a fisherman's idea of order, and to my methodical soul this was an aggravation. After long and amusing squabbles I would finally prevail upon him to let me put the flies into proper order, and once done he would admit that my arrangement was the best! But there was always a subtle shading in his voice and a stray gleam in his eye, which caused a vague doubt in me as to the absolute sincerity of his assertion. Sure enough, the next time I took up his fly-book, I was greeted by the same riot of color, the same artistic arrangement, but alas! the same chaos, while Weir, with a smile of utter and complete guilelessness, wholly disarming, would admit that somehow he liked the color scheme and somehow he could n't keep the flies in the beautiful order I had put them in!

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Weir was always ready to fish, as long as it did not interfere with his painting. From April 1st, when we would go to Connecticut and all but fish through the ice—we certainly fished through more than one snowstorm—his sport shaded from trout to bass, and in the fall from bass to sea-fishing.

We belonged to a club in the Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania. The opening day was on the 15th of April, wherefore the 14th witnessed a joyous exodus from New York, and no one was more enthusiastic and delighted than Weir. The next morning he was the first to get up and the first one ready to take the field. How many mornings when I thought I was getting up “real early” have I seen Weir—his room was in an “ell” just across from mine—deeply immersed in the intricacies of his blessed fly-book, and looking decidedly guilty when I called “Good morning.” But despite the seeming chaos in the arrangement of his flies, he had a knack of picking some which would serve his purpose and often he “wiped my eye,” much to his delight. For Weir was a good fisherman, and like a celebrated, piscatorially inclined divine, always brought back trout; occa-

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sionally he would be rewarded by a full creel. I never could quite keep up with him.

As I have said above, in the fall Weir's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of sea-fishing. We went several times to Stamford and South Norwalk — half-way meeting-places when he was in Branchville — and chartering a small boat, we would put out after snappers, etc.

I remember once at Stamford we had taken a boat, too small really for three heavy men — so small, in fact, that we had to sit on a plank laid athwartship in the stern, so that we really sat on the gunwale, a decidedly risky position. We had trolled for some time, but no bass, when suddenly I had a violent and heavy strike. Just what it was that had run foul of my bait we could n't tell, for I had a long line out; but when I had taken in enough line to distinguish the triangular fin of a good sized "dog-fish," we realized we were in somewhat the same predicament as the man who had a bear by the tail, and did n't know whether to hang on or let go. Weir took immediate charge and told me I was to "hang on" and get him near enough so he could "net him"! However, the fish decided matters for

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himself, and tore loose before I could carry out Weir's instructions and disappeared, Weir shaking the net after him in a vindictive manner. All of which was very amusing.

His sunny temper soon reasserted itself, and at his suggestion we moved to another place which he and the boatman thought looked "likely." We anchored and got our lines out, but no strike. Finally Weir began hauling in his line very carefully, and sure enough there was "something" on! After judicious testing he decided it must be a crab, and having hauled his line in as far as he dared, brought up whatever it was with a rush—and landed—an oyster!—a great big one. For a moment he was nonplussed, but only for a moment. With his heavy knife he pried the shells apart, and with a courtly bow to me—swallowed the oyster! The whole thing was done with such perfect *sang-froid* and finish that for a moment I could find no words to express my outraged feelings, and then the humor of the whole thing struck us both, and we had our second good laugh that day.

I once heard of a place, not too far from New York, where my informant assured me there was good fishing.

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Weir and I talked it over, and decided to give it a trial. After more or less successful endeavors, we came in the afternoon to a wondrous pool. As I was the one who had suggested the expedition to Weir, I insisted he take the pool, and he proceeded at once to go into action. His casting was flawless, and I was wondering whether his skill would be wasted when he had a corking strike. Hardly had I grasped the fact when I saw he had another fish, and a good one, on his second fly (we fished "wet" with two flies in those days). And now began a fierce battle. Weir had a light rod and light tackle as befits a real fisherman, who is willing to give the fish every chance, and he fought the fish in a masterly manner. Back and forth they drove, but finally they were brought to net, and then came our bitterest disappointment—the trout were CHUBS! whaling big fellows, to be sure, but CHUBS, nevertheless. Now a man is justified in feeling annoyed when he finds he has wasted his time and skill on such a worthless thing as a CHUB, he may even use moderate language, but the limit is off when he catches *two* CHUBS at once. But Weir availed himself not of any right he may have felt he had, and while regret-

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ting that it was only chub he had caught, said, "I was fooled as much as you. I thought they were two trout, really, and played them for trout, so what's the odds, and the pool certainly is lovely; let's sit down and take a good look at it." On the way home he was as chipper as could be.

Such was Weir the fisherman, such was my partner. When I revisit the old places—scenes of so much pleasure and good fellowship—I cannot realize that he is n't there, and I am always looking to find him at the next pool.

Hunter, New York.

A LETTER

From Augustus Vincent Tack

AVIRTUE not only most highly esteemed, but assiduously cultivated by the ancients, was "Magnanimity." "Great mindedness" does not fully express all they intended in their meaning. It was a quality high above what is mean or ungenerous—a true loftiness of spirit, courage, and nobility of soul. It seems to me Alden Weir had this virtue in the Greek sense, and he was all that Horace expresses in the line *Integer vitae scelerisque purus*.

I well remember my first impression of Weir. It was the custom of the Art School, in which I was a very young student indeed, to hold each month a *concours* in which the drawings were marked in order of their merit. The drawings were called "academies" or life drawings. Weir was instructor in painting of the portrait class at the time to which I refer. He came into the life class one day to see the drawings, which had just been marked. His generous praise of the qualities he found in the student work was both inspiring and striking, but more so to me was his indignation at the unnecessary realism of some of the

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work. There was a starkness in some of the drawings that was abhorrent to him, and to me, a young student, it was my first realization of the great gulf between the nude and the naked. It was an impression I have never forgotten, and I always associate with Weir the distinction to which I refer. The great refinement of his feeling; his reverence for feminine loveliness; his sense of chivalry; his choice of subject and his approach to it are all evidence of this quality of spirit. There was a something of Sir Galahad in him.

In late life his quick sympathy, his understanding and interest, were always an inspiration. To have known him was to have known high mindedness—great mindedness—pure mindedness, and one of the most lovable gentlemen of our time.

Deerfield, Mass.

A LETTER

From C. E. S. Wood

AFTER much wandering seeking seclusion in which to recover from "Flu" and write, I located at this fishing village—without railroad, trolley line, telegraph, and telephone, and here your letter of February 25 has just found me. What adventures it has had, I do not know. I fear it lay in Portland a long time, as my Secretary there has been greatly interested in offering her services for the defence at the trial of the I. W. W.'s at Montesano. Other reporters—at least local—with that emotional failure to distinguish between fair play and judicial lynching which has made this country a mad-house for the last three years, refused to act. However, whatever be the cause, your letter of a month ago has just reached me, and as you ask an immediate answer I write at once, but you understand no one can on the instant bring to mind the incidents of a lifetime—those easiest forgotten as seeming trivial being often the most colorful.

I first knew Weir at West Point, where I was a cadet of between 18 and 19—in 1870-71. Julian, as he was

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always called by the family, was a very handsome boy of about the same age (he was six months younger than myself). At that time he was a pupil to his father, who was head of the Department of Drawing of the Academy, and I was too new at West Point and he left for Paris too soon for us to become intimate—though I was a visitor at the house for four years, or until I graduated.

In later years he recalled to my mind a scrape he got into at that time with his father. Julian at the time of our conversation was fussing among his brushes for a particular brush, wasting considerable time and muttering. He looked up with a merry twinkle in his eye and said, "I used to think one brush was the same as another—so one time, being in a hurry, instead of washing father's bunch of brushes as it was my duty to do, I stuck them in the fire, thinking he would never miss them from the great sheaf he had. But my! my! Was n't there a war, and did n't I catch it when I finally had to 'fess up!"

With Weir studying abroad and I on the Pacific Coast after graduation (1874), we did not see each other till I began studying law in New York—at the Law School of

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Columbia College, then in Great Jones Street, not far from Washington Square, where Weir had a studio in the Benedict Building, which was inhabited by a group such as Bunce, Eaton, Low, Saint-Gaudens, and Warner. This was about 1882. As Weir and I have looked around the bare studios of his later years — warm gray walls, a chair for the model on the movable platform, one easel, a perfectly plain folding screen, and nothing else, we have laughed at the luxurious studio of the young man just back from Paris, fitted up by Cottier — velvets, tapestries, brocades, Gothic cabinet, Louis Quatorze chairs, a couch, rugs, armor, a full length copy of a Velasquez by Weir himself over the mantel, and a great yellow Venetian glass bowl filled with goldfish and hung by brass chains from a rough ceiling of darkest blue studded with stars of varying magnitudes and one impossible comet, all exceedingly decorative.

Weir had colored his windows to imitate stained glass, and altogether it was a studio out of a French novel, but I need not say that, though elegant, luxurious, even sensuous, it was in perfect taste. Weir was at that time enthusiastic

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in the rebellion against the Academy and the "Hudson River" School. He was enthusiastic in whatever he did, fishing, painting, rebelling, or doing good.

"Pinky" Ryder was then living, as usual, in a den, I think over on West 11th Street, and when their friendship began, I cannot say. Whether or not Weir brought the gentle hermit Ryder into the rebellion of the "Society of American Artists," I don't know, but Weir was at this time both reverencing and championing Ryder as a great original genius—a poet in the painter's art—and from that time on, according to Ryder's needs, Weir brothered him, fathered him, and lovingly cared for him. (Ryder did exhibit with the Society of American Artists.) Weir did once (just once, I believe) drag the mollusc from its shell below low tide in the dark rock cavern and got "Pinky" up to his farm at Branchville, where he had prepared a special room for him, and feeling Ryder's morbid, almost insane shyness, as only a tender poet soul such as Weir's own could feel, had had a door specially cut from Ryder's room direct into the open so he could come and go without facing the family. But even with everybody's thoughtfulness walling

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him about, or rather leaving him alone, they could not keep him—whether it was the longing of the mollusc for its own pearly shell which shut it from the world, or that Ryder, like Charles Lamb, really loved the city. Anyway, one morning he slipped away and was gone—again safe in his dirty den. Then, bold on paper, he wrote some explanation or other over which Weir laughed merrily. I think it was that he was not well and the quiet of the country nights got on his nerves. Yet Ryder loved the country as every poet must, and I know none of his imaginative painted poems taken from the city unless it be the “White Horse” in the stall. He told me he often walked all night up the Hudson till sunrise, observing the night, and I remember he spoke of the boughs of trees, pendant, like great jewels on the cheek of Night. When dear old Pinky was stricken (from which he recovered), it was Weir who was there before any of the relatives and sent him to the hospital. It was a terrible ordeal for the shrinking Ryder, but it had to be, to care properly for him and save his life. Mrs. Louise FitzPatrick, who was pupil and mother or sister to Ryder, looking out for him daily, always sent first for Weir

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when anything was needed, and she can, I imagine, give you much concerning these two poet souls.

Well, at the time of his return from Paris and the creation of the Parisian Atelier in the Benedict Building, I was Adjutant of the West Point Academy, quartered there with my wife and two young children — one an infant just born there — and Weir came up with the young girl who became his first wife, mother of his children, and to whom he was at that time engaged. Mrs. Wood and I afterward spoke often of the loveliness of that young pair — both beautiful — Weir a young Adonis, she adoring him, and he her, the two so boyish and girlish. He was showing her the home and haunts of his boyhood.

Now again came a break in our association, but of course not in our friendship. Though a continent was always between us, I for my part esteemed him my most lovable and best loved friend. Our correspondence, though not a continuous flow, was constant, and I wish I had access to my letters from him. In spite of constant pressure to visit me and the temptations I held out of wonderful painting chances in new fields and above all wonderful fishing, I never could

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lure him to the Coast. He had something of Ryder's reluctance to get out of the beaten paths and his hatred of preparations. He was forced out, however, as one of the judges on painting at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, and then visited us at the north, with Hamilton (also artist and fisherman), and there all my boasts of Pacific Coast trout fishing fell down. It was a poor year, and I did not realize how fished out the streams near us had become. We even went to the heart of the Oregon Desert, the Blitzen River, formerly alive with trout, but a cloudburst in the Stein Mountains had swollen the river and made it as thick as coffee. Hassam had been there with me some years before, and Weir remarked how well he had got the desert, its brilliant light and pale colors, its spirit, and he said modestly that he himself would be afraid to attempt it.

The only good fishing he had was with my son Erskine in the rapids of the Mackenzie River. The risk of the thing thrilled Weir, and he never ceased talking of how he certainly would have been drowned if Erskine had not looked after him. He and this son of mine had long been

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friends. When the boy was a student at Harvard, Weir painted a portrait of him which Hassam says is one of the best portrait paintings of our time. I tried to buy from Weir a water color of some hounds lying before a fireplace, and he who hated to refuse anybody anything flushed and looked embarrassed as he said: "Well, you know those are family portraits. It would be like selling portraits of the children." He loved his dogs. Yet when this boy Erskine was married, Weir sent him one of his fine oil paintings of a pair of his old black and tan deerhounds. There is no greater tribute possible from one sportsman to another.

His generosity was inbred and ineradicable and sometimes embarrassing. One morning I was wakened very early by a knock at my door in the Hotel Astor, New York, and there was Weir in great distress. They had just received word that Cora was ill with typhoid in London, and they had left Windham, Connecticut, in the night and were just arrived, anxious to catch the "Imperator," one of those immense German steamers, which was sailing early that morning, but they had no reservations, no cash in pocket.

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Without trouble to me, Mr. Muschenheim, proprietor of the hotel, cashed Weir's check and set the hotel Transportation Department at work, so that we landed Mr. and Mrs. Weir in a stateroom. On the way to the steamer in the taxi, Weir said: "Say, old fellow, you know that moonlight you admired so much at Montross's galleries? Well, it's yours. I want you to take it as a souvenir of this occasion." After a quarrel in which I positively refused and which ended because Weir had to attend to his baggage and could say no more, the matter I supposed was dropped, but the following Christmas the picture arrived by express. He painted my portrait, which has been several times exhibited, and is commonly called "The Man in the White Shirt." He also painted portraits of my eldest son, before alluded to, of my eldest daughter, my second son, and of Mrs. Wood. My own portrait he suggested. All the others were requested by me, and supposed to be commissions, but I never could get him to take a penny. He had a way of ending the discussion by some such remark as this, very sincerely made: "See here, don't deprive a fellow of one of the pleasures he has in his ability to paint."

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Like every artist, Weir could not coldly calculate and weigh dollars against inspiration, and, like every follower of every form of art in this country, he had his struggle—his ups and downs. At one time when his studio was over a stable up town, I bought for a friend a lovely snow scene, and on the way down town Weir stopped short in the street and impulsively took me by the hand, and said: “Old fellow, you ’ll never know what the sale of that picture meant to me.” Much later he told me how hard up he was. In that same studio, at a later date, I greatly admired a large canvas—“The Spreading Oak,” a rugged old tree by the roadside on an early autumn day. The subject really gives no idea of the exquisite poetry of the picture—the sense of light, colored by the afternoon sun, and the dignity of the composition appealed to me. I said I would like to buy the picture, but I could pay only a few hundred dollars for it, and that in instalments. Weir spoke up quickly: “I ’d rather have you own the picture at a hundred dollars than any other man at a thousand—that’s what I am asking for it, and even if it was n’t you, I ’ll tell you why I ’d like you to take it. There is a man comes here who wants the picture. He is

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wealthy, well able to pay any price he cares to, and he is holding two thousand dollars before my nose like a bait. He was here only two days ago, and when he left said: 'Well, any time you get ready to take what I have offered you for the picture it 's yours, and you might as well take it now, for you will come to it sooner or later. It 's not a very popular subject.' " So I bought the picture. A day or so later, on one of my visits to the studio, Weir when I came in dropped brush and palette and came forward full of joy and excitement. " Say, you know that man I told you about who wanted 'The Spreading Oak,' well he was in this morning and said: 'Where is the picture I wanted to buy?' I told him it was sold to an acquaintance. And, by jove! it did me more good to tell him that and see his face than any thousand dollars in the world." Weir rubbed his hands with mischievous glee. He was a boy, always a boy—impulsive, generous, light hearted or heavy hearted by turns. He would not intentionally hurt a soul, but the one thing his own soul resented was the cold-blooded exploitation of artists by so-called "Lovers of Art," who were in fact mercenary bargain-hunters. He had suffered much

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from it himself, as so noble and open a nature was bound to, and to get even with it for once gave him boyish joy.

Perhaps I ought to say to you that my own purchases from Weir, Ryder, Warner, and others were made when I could not afford it, and I went into debt (generally to the artists themselves) to make the purchases.

In another class from the bargain-hunter is the "Patron of the Arts," newly rich, who collects partly from some kind of an embryonic love of beautiful things, partly to be in fashion, mostly as a shrewd investment with the dollar uppermost in his mind, but who has none of the genuine aesthetics in his soul. Weir told me that in purchasing the "Davis Collection" he had a number of not important but beautiful little pictures given him by the Paris, London, and Dutch dealers as commissions, which he accepted and reported the whole list to Mr. Davis as a part of his trusteeship. Mr. Davis said, "Very well. Send them up with the rest," which Weir did. Had Mr. Davis been paying Weir anything as his agent, the case would have been different, but in fact he not only paid Weir nothing, but Weir was loser on expenses, as unmethodical artists always are.

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It was a difficult situation. No sensitive nature could fail to report to Mr. Davis, and no sensitive nature would have failed to say, "Keep them as your reward."

It is difficult and yet not difficult to decide why a certain week or day or hour is embedded in one's life. Certainly one of the most clinging memories of my life is a Thanksgiving week spent at Branchville, and I am sure Weir had the same feeling, for we rarely got together that we did not speak of it. It was mighty cold at night, but the days were crystalline and lovely. Weir and I would wander over that most picturesque, if unprofitable pile of rocks he called his farm, and which he received from the same Mr. Davis in exchange for a picture. Mr. Davis, judging by the rocks, thought he had the better of the artist, and Weir, judging by the inexhaustible beauty of woods, fields, hills, pond, granite boulders, and stone walls which he painted over and over again, knew that he had the better of the man of business. I say by day we would uselessly and not very energetically seek the mythical partridge, lying on the sunny side of a stone wall to eat our lunch and drink a bit of Scotch and water. Sometimes we had the excitement

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of ripping down a wall or ripping up a hole to please one of Weir's homely curs he loved so much and get a badger which never happened. Once we took a jug of cider. It was very heavy, but we remembered the coming hour of realization. When we first drank it, it was queer, but passable, but kept getting darker and darker and sharper and sharper till it was an acrid ink. Then Weir remembered he had put a pound of black powder into the jug during the summer as a safe dry place for it! We would stop half an hour at a time to watch light effects on the hills or cloud effects, and so, weary with well doing, back to the fine dinner Mrs. Weir was sure to have ready, and bottles of sparkling cider, which were the one real excuse for Paul's existence. Not the so-called saint, but Weir's German farmer.

Then the evening in the big general room which Charley Platt had made over: Two fireplaces, one smoked and one did n't. So, like the world success and failure side by side, we called the smoky one "The Artist." The decorations a huge hornet's nest, an outspread hawk, a slightly colored plaster cast of Weir's hugest trout, such souvenirs of

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walks afield, hunting, and fishing. The gradual building of the home interior as year by year the abalone builds its shell.

My friend Muschenheim of the Hotel Astor had sent up some things, among them a delicious *Port du Salut Cheese*. We would sit about the fire watching the small russet apples roast on the hearth, and then we would have crackers and cheese, and Mrs. Weir and the girls would go to bed, and from the kettle steaming on the hob I would brew a pitcherful of real apple toddy, roast apples, and sugar and nutmeg and Scotch or sometimes, with a real patriotism, Bourbon, and Weir and I would talk fishing and hunting and Balzac and Villon and Shakespere, and Art, and the Immortality of the Soul. Whenever we struck the Immortality of the Soul, I knew it was time to go to bed.

For Thanksgiving Day a young friend of Weir's came down from Windham with a heavy valise which, when opened, showed some dozens of partridges, tightly packed, and a shirt, a collar, and a pair of stockings. And Weir reproachfully said: "Billy," or whatever he called him, "why all these clothes? You might have got in another

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partridge." So we had partridge roast and broiled and fried, hot and cold, with breadcrumb sauce, and with jelly, and with rosemary, and with oysters, but that story of one's ever growing tired of eating partridges we proved to be a lie.

It seems to me I could myself write a book of Weir at Branchville. The farmer artist and artist farmer, digging his ice pond, stocking it with bass that went into the earth and disappeared as toads do. Always fretting as much as he ever fretted because he couldn't make his rock pile pay, yet digging out of it such nuggets as "The Red Barn," "The Spreading Oak," "Cutting Ice," "Oxen Resting," "The Hunter's Moon," and "The Red Bridge." He told me when the last named was about completed on his field easel, a farmer looked over his shoulder saying: "Paintin' the Old Bridge, eh? What do you git for a picture like that?" "Fifty dollars," said Weir, and then his heart stood still lest the old fellow might say: "I'll take it," but his fears were groundless. The reply was: "Gee! You must git rich."

My own memories turn most to Branchville rather than to Windham, the other Connecticut home. I remember in

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April we ran up to Branchville to look around and see the spring come on. It was very early, and among its freshest offerings was a lot of asparagus—the first of the season. Weir cut them himself to be sure they were just right, not woody, and gave them to Paul for our dinner (we were to have meals at the farmer's). And not the Fall of Paris or even New York could have been so tragic to Weir (for my sake) as his precious asparagus served in a flour paste and saturated with nutmeg.

I shall never forget a night at Branchville. Weir and I pushed out into the middle of the pond to fish for the theoretical black bass he was sure were there, because he himself had put them there, but we became indifferent to fishing under the spell of the night—warm, with such a mystery in the air that the full moon above us, instead of having a white brilliancy, shone like a pearl. It seemed to float in the sky and we in the perfectly still pond seemed to float between heaven and earth, while as a connecting link with earth Erskine, my son, and Paul, the farmer, splashed in the dark about the edge of the pond with a lantern, catching frogs for “frogs’ legs *à la poulette*” next

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day, and every now and then the religious silence would be broken by Paul's "Here is a regular old Mudder Hubbard." This reminds me that "The Hunter's Moon," which Weir himself considered one of his very best canvases, was the product of a coon hunt. The lights in the picture are the lanterns of the hunters.

Presently the fishers for frogs went away with a full sack and Weir and I sat in silence. "I would like to try to paint this night some day," he said with the quiet, almost awed voice the night compelled, "but it is n't paintable. No, it cannot be done by man;" and, after a pause, "What a mystery it all is!"

Never have I been struck so hard by the loss of a friend as by Julian's death. I loved him—who would not—who did not? He was very lovable, and though it may not be to your purpose in a memorial of him, I feel I cannot close without saying what a mate he had in Mrs. Weir. Deeply understanding him, devoted, intelligent, always serene, mothering the boy in him, and lovingly appreciative of his genius. Dear, dear Julian! Well, so it is—My own time cannot be so very far away. We all must go—but the world

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has lost not only a poet painter, a rare, rare genius, but a gentle soul.

I have got to the point where I fall into musing and had better stop. I daresay there is a volume of anecdote and reminiscence which in time would come to me, but this is all that occurs to me now. Certainly it seems very meagre to be gleaned from a lifetime, but, as I have said, though we were as brothers—at least so I felt—we were not very much together. It was not as if we had lived in the same city. Our contacts were only on the rare occasions, one to three years apart, when I would visit the East.

I thank you for your personal expressions of good will and would be glad to meet and know you.

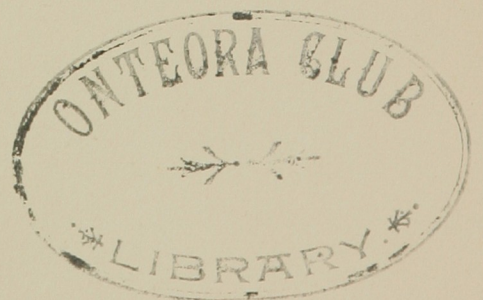
Laguna Beach, California

P. S. Of course, at the time of Ryder's death Weir was really the whole prop and stay. He wrote me a long, beautiful letter about the funeral. His reverence for Ryder as an artist was deep and truly reverent — almost humble, not with

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the half patronizing air of some who could not forget dear old Pinky's shabby clothes and queer shirt, often sporting as its only studs those little black things from the laundry. But as I have said, write Mrs. FitzPatrick.

ILLUSTRATIONS





An Alsatian Girl



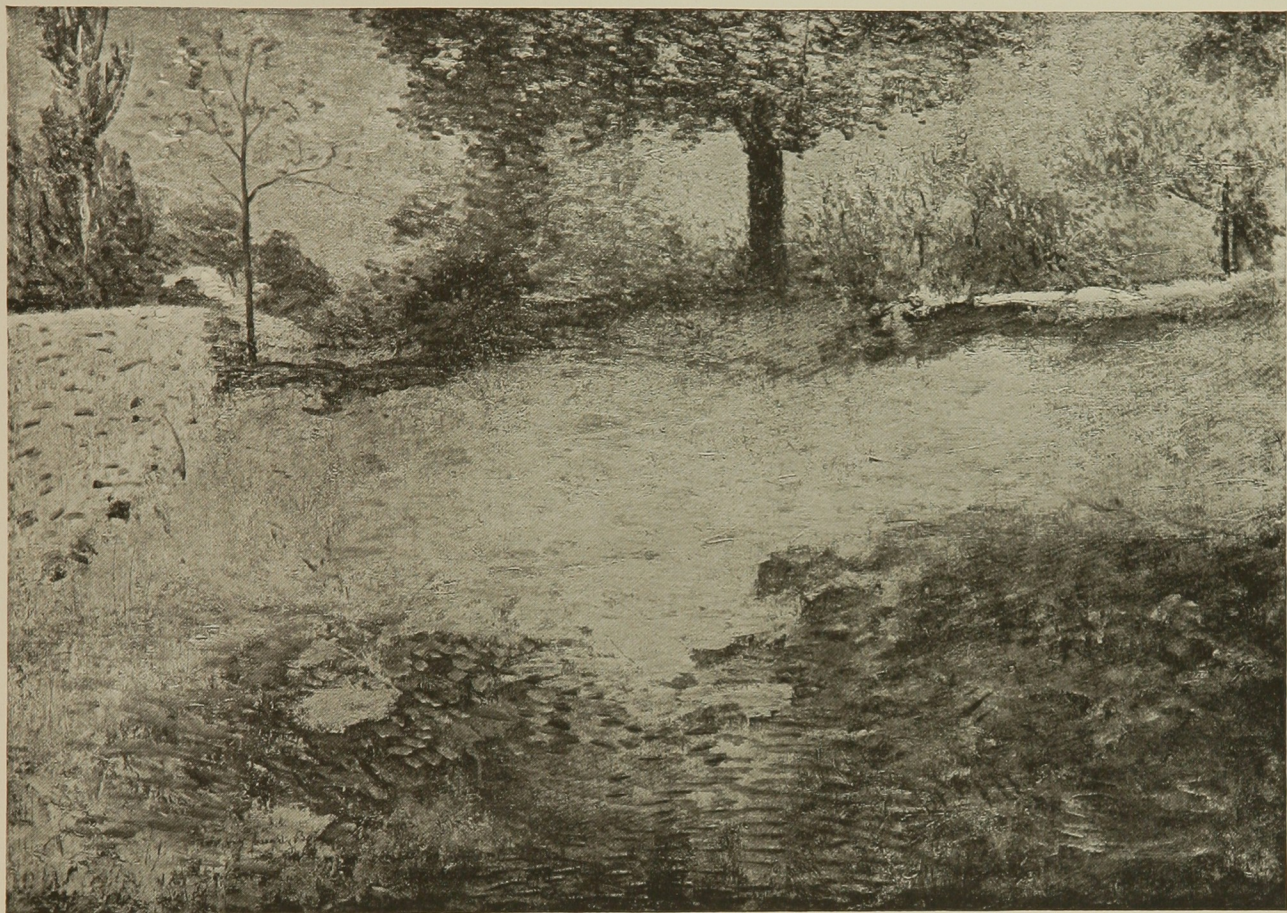
Portrait of Robert W. Weir
The Artist's Father



Roses



The Road to the Old Farm



The High Pasture



The Farm in Winter



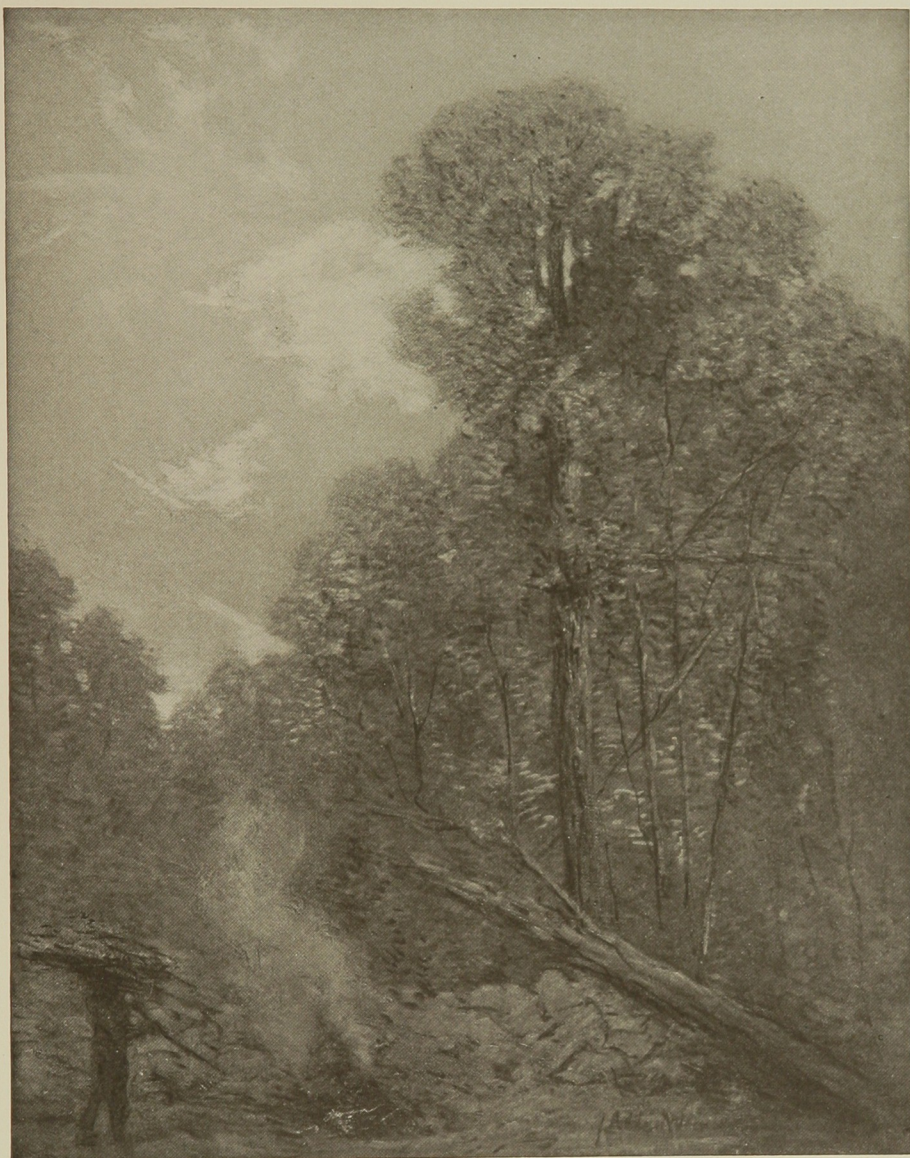
The Donkey Ride



The Gray Bodice



Plowing for Buckwheat



The Border of the Farm



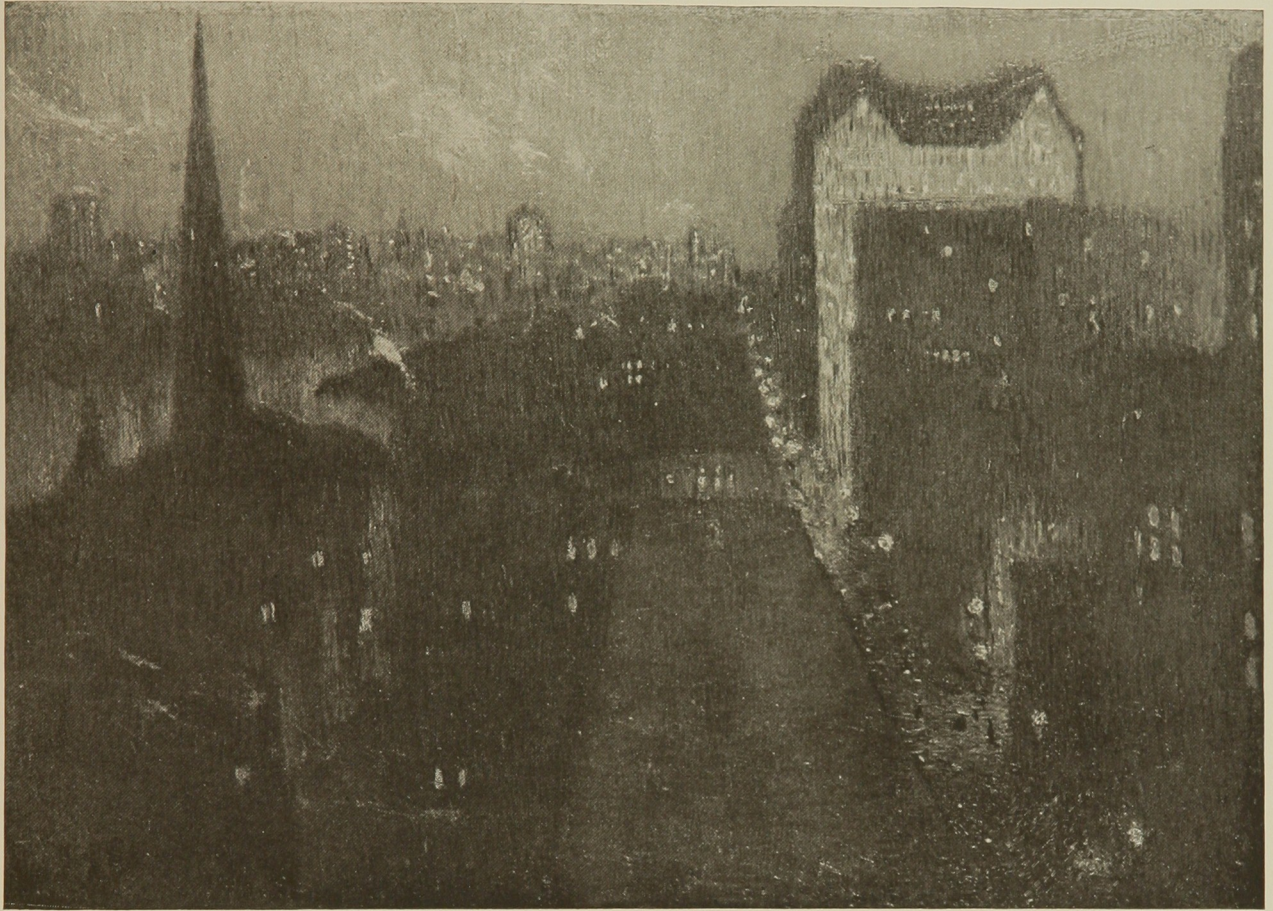
The Orchid



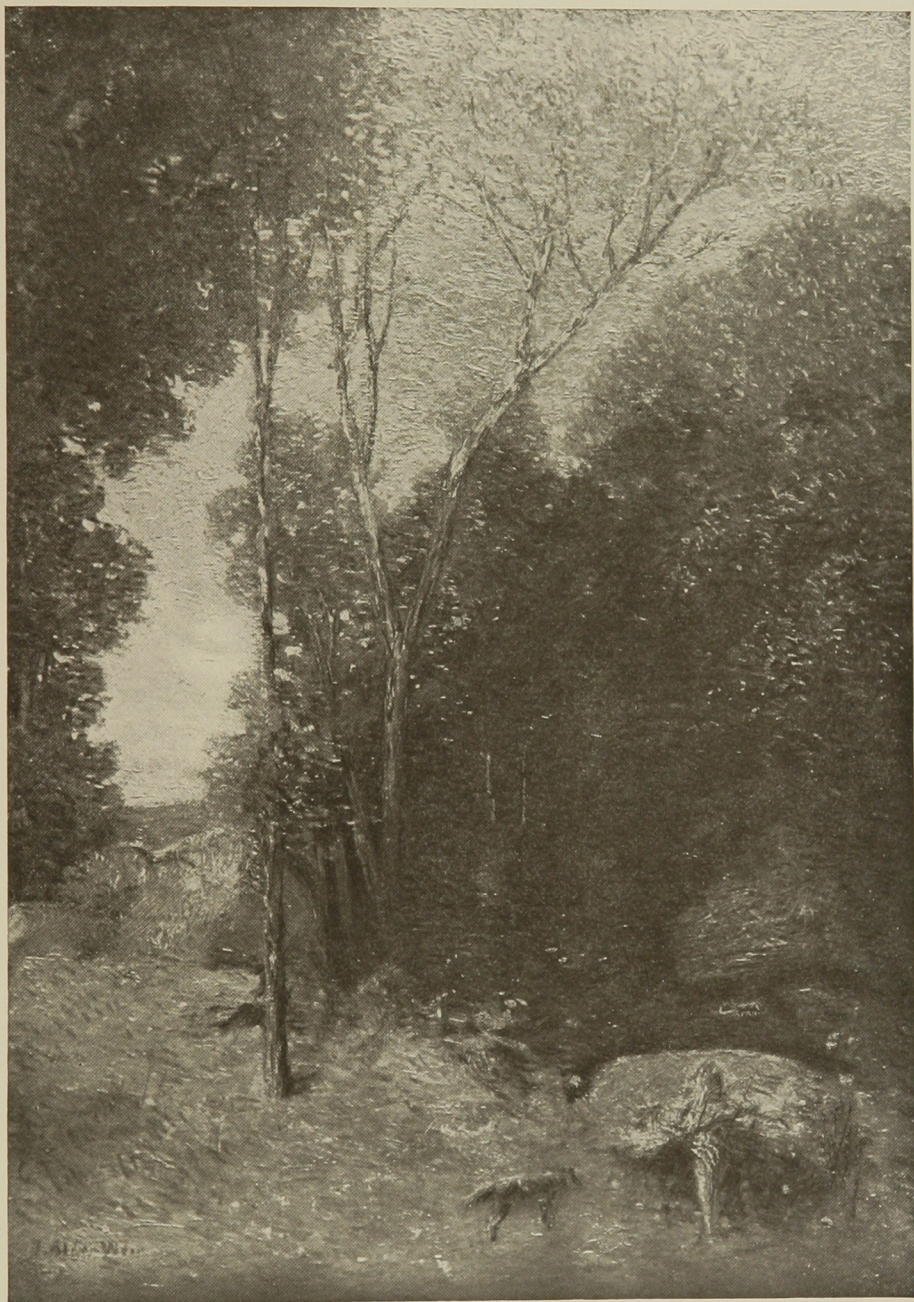
Upland Pasture



A Gentlewoman



The Plaza — Nocturne



Pan and the Wolf



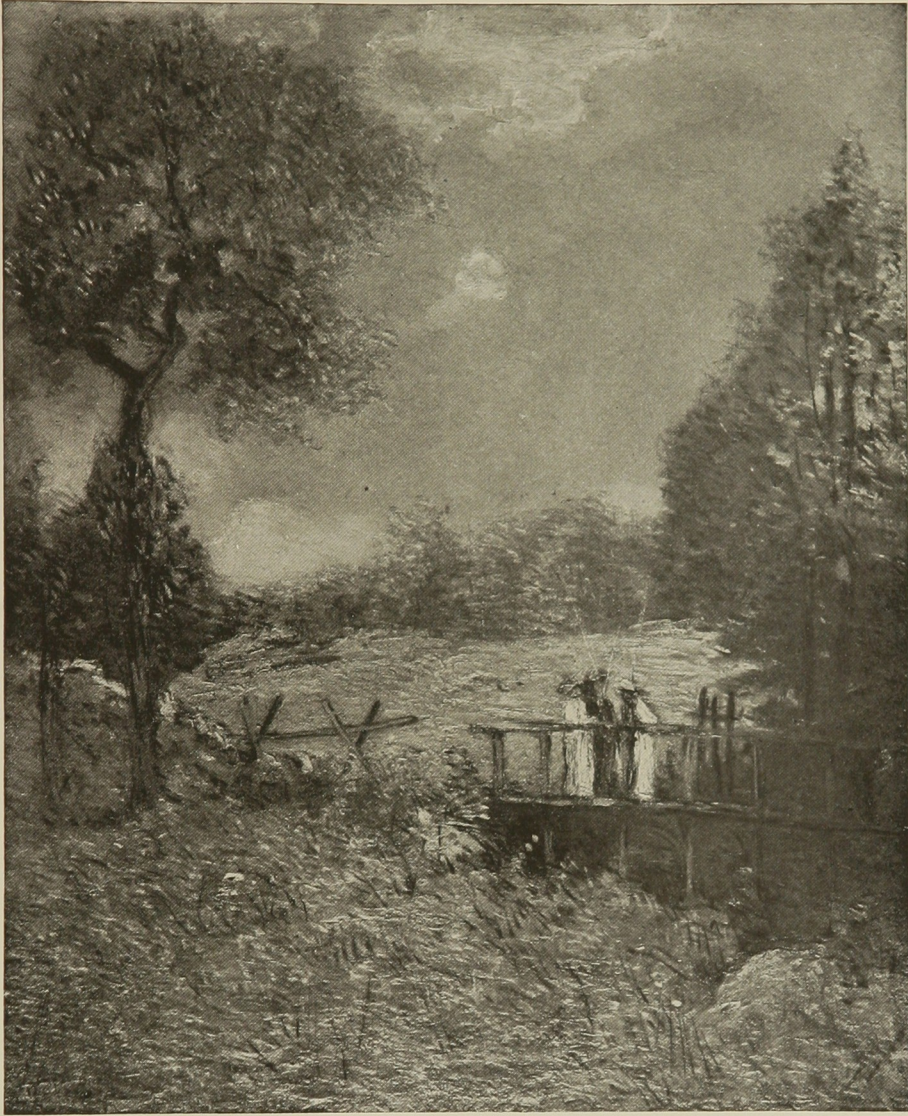
Little Lizzie Lynch



Pussy-Willows



The Spreading Oak



The Fishing Party



Portrait of Miss de L.



Knitting for Soldiers



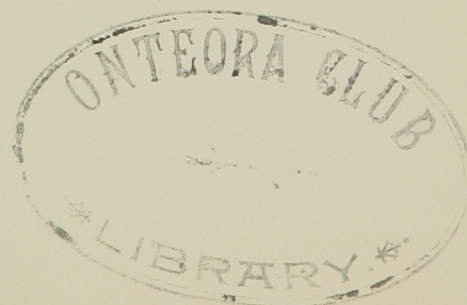
Afternoon by the Pond



Portrait Bust by Olin Warner



Portrait of Julian Alden Weir by Wolfinger



LIST OF PAINTINGS

LIST OF PAINTINGS

This Catalogue of paintings by Weir has been prepared by Miss Dorothy Weir, daughter of the artist, and is a complete list of all of Weir's paintings which are known to the family at this date. The perpendicular measurement is given first.

1870-1879

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Head of an Old Man. <i>Dated</i> 1872	17 × 13	
Jeune Fille. <i>Dated</i> 1875	14 × 10½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Brittany Interior. <i>Dated</i> 1875	30 × 34	Mrs. George Page Ely
The Oldest Inhabitant. <i>Dated</i> 1876	66 × 32	Smith College
Portrait of Thomas L. James. <i>Dated</i> 1878		
Portrait of Robert W. Weir. 1879	46 × 36	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Washerwomen of Brittany		
At the Water Trough		
Brittany	15 × 25½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Normandy Farm	9 × 13½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Breton Girl	13 × 9½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Entombment of Christ	10½ × 13¼	N. E. Montross
Landscape	20 × 24	N. E. Montross
The Good Samaritan		
Portrait of an Unknown Man	36 × 29	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of an Old Gentleman	36 × 29	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Copy of Velasquez		Mrs. Lucy W. Hewitt
Copy of Velasquez — Philip IV	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Copy of Rembrandt's Mother	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Copy of Franz Hals	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Copy of Mrs. Siddons, by Gainsborough	27 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Head of a Girl	20 × 16	

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

1880-1889

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Mill at Dordt. 1881	35 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of Miss C. M. Weir. 1882		Miss C. M. Weir
Portrait of Roderick Terry, Jr. 1882	21 ½ × 17 ½	Dr. Roderick Terry
The Little Sabot. 1882		
Fading Day. <i>Dated</i> 1884	15 × 26	Late Harry W. Jones
The First Step. 1884		
The Muse of Music. <i>Dated</i> '84	44 × 20	The Lotos Club
Portrait of a Lady in a Black Lace Dress. <i>Dated</i> 1885	36 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Brittany Landscape. <i>Dated</i> 1885		T. A. Valentine
Dogs on the Hearth. <i>Dated</i> 1886		
The Lane. <i>About</i> 1886	11 ½ × 16 ¾	Phillips Memorial Gallery
Lengthening Shadows. <i>Dated</i> 1887	21 ½ × 25 ½	
Caro. <i>Dated</i> 1887	25 × 21	Mrs. George Page Ely
Landscape. <i>Dated</i> 1887	30 × 22 ½	Desmond FitzGerald
The Miniature. <i>Dated</i> 1888	24 ½ × 20 ½	Mrs. William E. Carlin
Idle Hours. <i>Dated</i> 1888	51 ⅓ × 71 ¼	Metropolitan Museum of Art
Reflections		
Flora		
Children Burying a Bird	22 × 18	F. K. M. Rehn
Snowstorm in the City		Miss C. M. Weir
Portrait of a Lady with a Dog	49 × 38	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Bush, a Dog	19 ½ × 38	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Against the Window	36 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of Olin Warner	35 ½ × 18 ½	Mrs. Olin Warner
Portrait of Olin Warner	21 × 16	National Academy of Design
Portrait of Warren Delano		
Portrait of Richard Grant White		Mrs. Stanford White
Portrait of John Gilbert	45 × 34	The Players' Club
Portrait of Edwin Booth		
Portrait of Edwin S. Connor	30 × 25	The Players' Club

LIST OF PAINTINGS

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Portrait of R. H. Stoddard	45 × 35	The Century Club
Portrait of Wyatt Eaton	31 × 18	National Gallery
Portrait of Robert C. Minor	21 × 16	National Academy of Design
Portrait of J. Alden Weir	21 × 16	National Academy of Design
Portrait of John F. Weir	30 × 25	John F. Weir
Portrait of George W. Maynard	30 × 25	National Academy of Design
Portrait of Alexander W. Weir		Colonel H. C. Weir
Portrait of General John Pitman		General John Pitman
Portrait of Mr. L.	17 × 14	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of a Lady in White	34 × 27	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Mother	44 × 34	Mrs. Lloyd Williams
Portrait of John H. Twachtman	21 × 17 ¼	Cincinnati Art Museum
Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Bradley		Cecil and Kenneth Bradley
The Blind Flower Seller		Brooklyn Museum
Deer Hounds	36 × 30	Erskine Wood
Miss Peggy Cottier	21 × 16	Mrs. Lloyd Williams
Nasturtiums	22 × 13 ½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
In the Shadow	20 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Drilling Rock	25 × 20	Lady Van Horne
The Orange Ribbon		
The Bird House	26 ½ × 17 ½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
In the Shade of a Tree		
The Hunter	69 × 39	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of a Child		Mrs. J. Alden Weir
In the Adirondacks	13 ½ × 21 ½	
A Connecticut Farm	35 × 45	Albert E. McVitty
The Farmer's Lawn		Dr. Edward L. Partridge
The Road to Nowhere		Dr. Edward L. Partridge
A Quiet Home	16 × 24	
A Path in the Woods	21 × 15	
A Pasture Lot	16 × 9 ½	
Solitude	8 ½ × 12 ½	
A Bather	10 × 7 ¾	

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Early Morning	15 × 18	
Late October	18 × 14	
Game	15 × 20½	
The Moon Obscured	20 × 29	
Oriana	20 × 17½	Smith College
Willow Brook	21½ × 25	
The Land of Nod	30 × 46	
Moonlight	10 × 16	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Summer-Land	20½ × 15	Dr. Roderick Terry
The Lawn	8½ × 12½	
A Bit of Blue	7 × 5	
A Misty Day	13½ × 9	
Gray October	9 × 12	
Neighboring Cottage	12 × 16	Alexander M. Hudnut
The Miniature	24½ × 20	
Dutch Graybeard Jug	7½ × 6	
A Belt of Wood	15 × 26	
Ideal Head	21 × 17	
The Christmas Tree	36 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
In the Studio		Mrs. J. Alden Weir
In the Living-Room	25 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Violet	20¾ × 16¾	Samuel S. White, 3d
Interior of a Room		Colonel H. C. Weir

Still Life

Silver Chalice with roses. <i>Dated</i> 1882	12 × 9	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Roses in two small Venetian vases, with silver chalice in the background. <i>Dated</i> 1882	14 × 10	Charles L. Baldwin
Flowers: A white bowl filled with dandelions. <i>Dated</i> 1882	15¾ × 23½	Smith College
Roses. <i>Dated</i> 1883	23 × 15	

LIST OF PAINTINGS

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Roses. <i>Dated</i> 1884	8 × 10	Mrs. Stanford White
The Delft Plate: A Delft plate with five peaches in it on left. Pewter tankard with a spray of honeysuckle in it on right. <i>Dated</i> 1888	24 × 13¾	Smith College
Pheasants. <i>Dated</i> 1889	18 × 30	Childe Hassam
Roses: A mass of pink and white Mar- shal Niel roses in a bowl	8½ × 10	Emil Carlsen
White roses in a white china bowl, silver chalice at the right. Bas-relief of St. John the Baptist in the background	33½ × 21	Charles T. Palmer
White roses in a white china bowl in the centre, other roses in a slender white vase on the right. Bas-relief by Donatello in the background	35 × 25	Phillips Memorial Gallery
Gray Japanese jar filled with flowers and a silver chalice	21 × 13	Mrs. George Page Ely
Silver cup, Japanese bronze and red taper		
✓ Rose and Kettle	7½ × 5¼	The Feragil Galleries
Flowers: Tall jar and a small vase, both filled with tulips and other flowers on the right, and a bowl full of flowers placed on two books on the left. Tall Chinese blue and white vase, brass lantern, pewter plate, and some flowers on a table. In the background is the wheel of a spinning-wheel	29¾ × 48	Yale School of Fine Arts
Grapes, Knife, and Glass	9 × 13	Phillips Memorial Gallery
Pewter Pitcher	20 × 14	Charles T. Palmer
Roses: A cluster of pale yellow and pink roses on a table	8 × 10	
Fruit: A branch of apples hangs on the wall, other apples and a tomato are grouped on a table below it. The table is covered with a white cloth	21 × 17	

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Flowers : Flowers in a pewter mug and a china shoe	21 × 15½	Mrs. John A. Rutherford
Flowers: Roses in a silver bowl on a mahogany table		Miss C. M. Weir
Soup tureen, grape fruit, celery, toma- toes, oranges, and laurel on a table covered with a white cloth. A pewter plate and a blue and white Chinese plate stand against the wall in the back- ground	24½ × 36	Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett
Fruit in a glass compote on a white cloth	18 × 14	Alden Twachtman

The Late 80's or Early 90's

A Misty Day, Autumn	22 × 32½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Setting Sun	19½ × 27	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Landscape	15⅝ × 26⅝	H. C. Henry
A Cloudy Day	12½ × 16	
A Neighboring Farm	22 × 27	
The Road to the Farm	22½ × 16	Charles L. Baldwin
The Red Barn	30 × 25	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Rocks in the Sun	10½ × 15	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Stone Wall	16 × 12	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Scudding Clouds in June Evening		
Indian Summer		John E. Cowdin
A Frosty Morning Autumn		
Summer-Land		
The Edge of the Wood		
The Barnyard		
November		
In the Woods		

LIST OF PAINTINGS

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
The Pasture Lot		
The Young Student		
A Drizzly Day		
The Pond		
Across the Fields		
The Hillside		
In the Field		
Afternoon on the Hillside		
After the Snowstorm		
The Black Alders		
1890-1899		
Lady Reading. <i>Dated</i> 1890	11 1/2 x 16	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of a Lady with a Venetian Vase. <i>Dated</i> 1890	36 x 28	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The White Cravat. <i>Dated</i> 1890	34 x 25	Mrs. George Page Ely
The Open Book. <i>Dated</i> 1891	31 x 29	Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett
Early Moonrise. <i>Dated</i> 1891	34 x 24 1/2	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Midday. <i>Dated</i> 1891	34 x 24	C. A. Du Bois
Portrait of a Small Girl. 1891	18 x 14	H. A. Hammond Smith
In the Days of Pinafores. 1893	34 x 27	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Dorothy. 1893	33 x 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Thread Mills. 1893	21 1/2 x 26	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Willimantic Thread Mills. 1893	24 1/2 x 33 1/2	Brooklyn Museum
Baby Cora. 1894		Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Autumn Stroll. 1894		Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Sunlight. <i>Dated</i> 1894	27 x 34	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Child and Nurse. 1894	38 x 30 1/2	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Farm in Winter. <i>Dated</i> 1894		Charles V. Wheeler
Loading Ice. 1894	19 1/2 x 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Cutting Ice. 1894		Henry Ladd Corbett
Snow Scene. 1894	8 x 12	Miss Cara Haynes
The Coming Snowstorm. 1894		

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
A Fog in Winter. 1894		
Melting Snow. 1894	20 × 24	R. C. and N. M. Vose
Woods in Snow. 1894	21 × 25	Mrs. J. A. Rutherford
Hillside in Snow. 1894		
Portrait of Captain Zalinski. 1895		
Reflections in the Mirror. <i>Dated</i> 1896	27½ × 15	Rhode Island School of Design
Melting Snow. <i>Dated</i> 1897	24 × 20	Cincinnati Art Museum
The Factory Village. <i>Dated</i> 1897	30 × 40	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Willimantic. 1897	12 × 16	Feragil Gallery
Early Fall. <i>Dated</i> 1898	17 × 21	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
The Black Hat. <i>Dated</i> 1898	30¼ × 18	Miss Dorothy Weir
The Gray Bodice. <i>Dated</i> 1898		Art Institute of Chicago
Portrait of Erskine Wood. <i>Dated</i> 1899	24 × 20	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
The Donkey Ride. 1899	49 × 40	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
In the Sun. <i>Dated</i> 1899		Mrs. J. Alden Weir
On the Porch	26 × 16	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Basket of Laurel	33½ × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Visiting the Rabbit Hutch	25 × 20	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Land of Nod		
October Sunshine		
Noonday Rest		Philadelphia Art Museum
Misty Morning		
Spring	20 × 24	R. C. and N. M. Vose
The Farm — Spring	23 × 29	Mrs. George Page Ely
Apple Blossoms		
Apricot in Blossom		
Portrait of General Quincy Gillmore	50 × 40	West Point Military Academy
Portrait of Childe Hassam	30 × 25	National Academy of Design
Autumn Rain	16 × 24	R. C. and N. M. Vose
Branchville in Early Autumn	30 × 25	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Wild Lilies	33 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Maple Inn		
Plowing for Buckwheat		Carnegie Institute

LIST OF PAINTINGS

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Summer	20 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Summer Pastime	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Summer in Connecticut	20 × 24	F. S. Shaw
The Red Bridge	24 $\frac{3}{16}$ × 33 $\frac{3}{4}$	Metropolitan Museum
The Green Bodice	33 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 24 $\frac{1}{8}$	Metropolitan Museum
An Alsatian Girl	24 × 18	Phillips Memorial Gallery
The Green Dress		Gilbert S. McClintock
The Feather Boa	18 × 12	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Two Sisters	49 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 39 $\frac{1}{2}$	Mrs. Marshall Field
The Truants	29 × 38	R. C. and N. M. Vose
The Sand Pit		
Miss Pierson		
Girl in Pink	16 × 12	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Sketch for a Portrait of Mrs. Robert Weir	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Purple Iris	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Girl in White	20 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Paul Remy	27 × 16	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Figure Piece	30 × 25	H. A. Hammond Smith
A Summer Day	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir

1900-1909

Girl with Black Hat. <i>Dated</i> 1900	29 $\frac{3}{8}$ × 24 $\frac{1}{2}$	Portland Art Association
The Yellow Turban. <i>Dated</i> 1900	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of Col. C. E. S. Wood. 1901	35 × 28	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Portrait of a Lady. <i>Dated</i> 1902	50 × 40	Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett
The Barn. 1904	20 × 24	Phillips Memorial Gallery
The Haunt of the Woodcock. 1905		
Hunting the Raccoon. 1905		Edmund C. Tarbell
The Shadow of my Studio. 1905		
Upland Pasture. 1905	39 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 49 $\frac{3}{4}$	National Gallery

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
A Gentlewoman. 1906	30 × 24½	National Gallery
Sketch for the Building of the Dam. 1908	22 × 19	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Building of the Dam. 1908	30 × 40	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Rose Pink Bodice. 1909	30 × 25	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Hunter's Moon. 1909	51 × 40	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of Mrs. Frank Dale La Lanne. 1909		Miss Frances La Lanne
Portrait of Maxwell Wood	24 × 20	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Portrait of Mrs. David T. Honeyman	35 × 27	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Portrait of Mrs. Wood	32 × 25	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Pickereel Pool	25¾ × 21½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Mother and Daughter	72 × 30½	Mrs. William E. Carlin
Portrait of Mrs. John A. Rutherford	49 × 38½	Mrs. John A. Rutherford
Portrait of Mrs. Weir	30 × 25	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of Mrs. Ely	26 × 21	Mrs. George Page Ely
Portrait of Miss Dorothy Weir	26½ × 23	Miss Dorothy Weir
Portrait of Mrs. Carlin	24 × 20	Mrs. William E. Carlin
Philip	21 × 17	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Visiting Neighbors	25 × 35	Phillips Memorial Gallery
Portrait of a Boy	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Bowl of Roses	20 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Old Laurel Bush	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Overhanging Trees	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Chestnut Trees in Blossom	14 × 17½	Miss Dorothy Weir
The Red Drapery	30 × 18	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Head of a Young Girl	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Genevieve	30 × 25	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
June	24 × 33	Paul Schulze
The High Pasture	24¾ × 34¼	Phillips Memorial Gallery
Driving the Cows to Pasture	34 × 25	Burton Mansfield
The Orchid	24 × 20	Frank L. Babbott
The Green Coat	30 × 18	Mrs. J. Alden Weir

LIST OF PAINTINGS

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
The Fur Pelisse	26 × 21 ½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Pleasant Letter	24 × 20	The Feragil Galleries
Portrait of Albert P. Ryder	24 × 20	National Academy of Design
White Hair Ribbons	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of an Old Man with a Beard	30 × 25	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Lantern Light	28 × 23	Miss Dorothy Weir
The Return of the Fishing Party	28 × 32	General Edmund Hayes
Danbury Hills		Denver Art Club
Early Morning		Mrs. Albright
Autumn	36 × 29	Corcoran Gallery of Art
Black Birch Rock	23 × 27	Charles L. Baldwin
The Hill Road	24 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Moving Clouds		
Peacock Feathers	25 × 30	The Macbeth Gallery
Figure in Sunlight	69 ½ × 40	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Connecticut Grainfield	29 × 36	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Reverie		Charles V. Wheeler
The Bindery	20 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Going to School	24 × 20	George Barr McCutcheon
Moonlight	24 × 20	A. A. Healy
A Group of Elms		
In the Doorway	33 ½ × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Valley		
The Blue Gown		
Autumn in the Woods		
A Corner of the Field		
Rhododendrons	20 × 24	R. C. and N. M. Vose
The Road to Nod		
The Pasture by the Pond		
Summertime		
Pelham's Lane		Henry Smith
October Day		

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

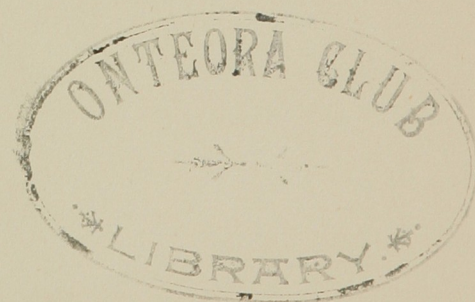
TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Barns at Windham	24 × 34	Mrs. George Page Ely
Pink Peonies in a Blue Jug	23 × 27	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
White Peonies	24 × 29	Mrs. John A. Rutherford
Pink Peonies		Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan
The Old Apple Tree	20 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Lace Cape		
Memories		
Buttercups	20 × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir

1910-1919

Lady in Black. <i>Dated</i> 1910	23 × 18	Frank L. Babbott
The Pet Bird. 1910	29 × 22	Mrs. F. S. Smithers
The Flower Girl—facing right. 1910		
The Flower Girl—facing left. 1911	39½ × 29	W. S. Stimmel
Girl in Profile. 1912	33½ × 24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Nassau—Bahamas. 1914	32 × 36	Horatio S. Rubens
Ships at Nassau. 1914	30 × 25	Mrs. William E. Carlin
Nassau from the Garden. 1914	25 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Lighthouse—Nassau. 1914	25 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
House and Garden—Nassau. 1914	25 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Japanese Bridge—Nassau. 1914	25 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Beach—Nassau. 1914	25 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Porch—Nassau. 1914	25 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Wharves—Nassau. 1914	25 × 30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Palm Leaf Fan. 1914	34 × 28	Hon. Alexander Simpson, Jr.
Portrait of Miss de L. 1914	30 × 25	Corcoran Gallery of Art
The Hunter. 1914-15	30 × 25	Paul Schulze
The Old Sentinel on the Farm. 1915		John F. Braun
A Follower of Grolier. 1916	39 × 31	Detroit Museum of Art
A Harmony in Yellow and Pink. 1916		John F. Braun
A Bit of New England. 1916	24 × 20	Albert E. McVitty
Midsummer. 1916	24 × 20	Herman Hollerith

LIST OF PAINTINGS

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Improvising. 1917	39×24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Queensboro' Bridge—Nocturne	29×39	Horatio S. Rubens
The Plaza—Nocturne	29×39	Horatio S. Rubens
The Lute Player	30×25	Paul Schulze
Portrait of the Artist's Daughter	40×30	Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts
Obweebetuck	24×34	George M. Oyster
In the Woods	23¼×16½	Mrs. John A. Rutherford
A White Oak	25×30	Edwin C. Shaw
Pan and the Wolf	45×34	Phillips Memorial Gallery
Lizzie Lynch	29×24	Mrs. H. M. Adams
The Path from the Studio	22×19½	Dr. Henry S. Patterson
Pussy-Willows		Mrs. James Wall Finn
The Lace-Maker	30×25	Paul Schulze
The Spreading Oak	39×50	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Fall Pasture	30×25	Thomas W. Dunbar
Windham Village	25×30	City Art Museum, St. Louis
The Fishing Party	28×23	Phillips Memorial Gallery
Portrait of Colonel H. C. Weir		Colonel H. C. Weir
The Peacock Feather—Peacock feather in girl's hat	30×25	Charles L. Baldwin
The Peacock Feather—Peacock feather in girl's hand		
Snow in Windham	24×20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
An American Girl	35×27	Worcester Art Museum
Hunter and Dogs	36×32	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Path in the Woods	26×21½	Cincinnati Art Museum
Afternoon by the Pond	25×30	Charles L. Baldwin
On the Shore	25×30	Horatio S. Rubens
Ravine near Branchville	25×30	Charles L. Baldwin
Three Trees	27×24	Charles L. Baldwin
In the Summerhouse	34×24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Border of the Farm	50×39½	Mrs. Robert C. Vose
A Study of Rocks		



JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
The Japanese Screen	30×25	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of Mrs. Weir seated by the Window	37½×29	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Sunset	30×25	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
In the Shadow	33¼×24	J. K. Newman
At the Turn of the Road	20×24	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Back Lots	24×33	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Fording the Stream	25×30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Portrait of Mrs. Ely	72×40	Mrs. George Page Ely
Eleanor	30×25	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Knitting for Soldiers	30×25	Phillips Memorial Gallery
Woodland Rocks	28¾×36¼	Phillips Memorial Gallery
Near Norwich		Dr. Robert Milligan
The Letter	30×25	Horatio S. Rubens
White Birches in the Woods	27×33½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Apple Tree in Blossom	25×30	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Morning on the Piazza	30×25	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Approaching Shower		Burr H. Brown
The Old Apple Orchard	20×24	Robert Hosea

Dates Unknown

Autumn Days	29×39	Horatio S. Rubens
Still Life—Peonies	34×27	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Garden at Night	28×22	Colonel C. E. S. Wood
Still Life—Peonies	28×20	Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett
Still Life—Peonies	36×24	Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett
Woman with a Black Hat		Mrs. Smith
Landscape	25¾×21⅞	Herbert Fleischhacker
Landscape		Edward S. Clark
Landscape		Edward S. Clark
Landscape	16×20	Alexander M. Hudnut

LIST OF PAINTINGS

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Landscape	17 × 26½	
The Brook	10¼ × 15½	
A Connecticut Landscape	15½ × 26½	
Head of an Old Man	17 × 14	
Early Spring	20 × 24	Edwin C. Shaw
Portrait of a Young Girl		Luxembourg Gallery
A Rainy Day		
Head of a Young Girl		National Academy of Design
Wood Interior	25 × 30	Charles T. Palmer
Turn in the Road	20 × 24	Charles T. Palmer
Head in Profile	10 × 7	Mrs. J. Alden Weir

Watercolors

1880 - 1889

Holland. 1881	10 × 14	Burton Mansfield
Canal in Holland. 1881		
After a Storm, Holland. 1881		
Dordrecht, Holland. 1881	20 × 13½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Sketch for Harvesting. 1883		
Sketch for Sheep Shearing. 1883		
On the Seine, near Paris. 1883		
A Bit of Venice. 1883		
Interior of Anne Hathaway's Cottage. 1883		Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Church where Shakespeare is Buried — Stratford-on-Avon. 1883		
Part of the Old Walls at Chester. 1883		
The River at Bristol. 1883		
A Windy Day, Venice. 1883		
On the Avon. 1883		Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Venetian Sails. 1883		

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
A Scene in Venice. 1883		
The Flower. <i>Dated</i> 1885	21 × 17	Mrs. George Page Ely
Two Dogs. <i>Dated</i> 1885	14 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Woman Sewing. <i>Dated</i> 1885		Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Tired Out. <i>Dated</i> 1885	20 × 14	The Players' Club
A Passing Sorrow. <i>Dated</i> 1887	20½ × 16½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Fireside Dreams. <i>Dated</i> 1887	14 × 20	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Puritan Maid	52 × 32	Mrs. John A. Rutherford
In the Library	31 × 20½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Letter	31 × 20	The Feragil Galleries
Preparing for Christmas		
Still Life—Rabbit		The Feragil Galleries
Roses		J. W. Young
Still Life		J. W. Young

1890-1900

La Cigale. *Dated* 1894

1913

New London Wharf	12 × 16	
Fishing Boats—River Thames, Conn.	12 × 16	
Across the River from Groton, Conn.	12 × 16	
Fishing Pool—River Itchen, England	9¾ × 13½	
Wolvesly Castle	9¾ × 33½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
Near Abbots Worthy	8½ × 11½	
Road to Easton—Hampshire	9½ × 13½	
Mill on the Itchen	8½ × 11½	
Chilland Church	9½ × 13½	
Bewlo Twyford Bridge	9½ × 13½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Itchen—Hampshire	9½ × 13½	
Old Sentinels on the Itchen	9½ × 13½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
The Weirs—Winchester	9½ × 13½	Charles V. Wheeler

LIST OF PAINTINGS

TITLE	SIZE	OWNER
Windy Weather	9½ × 13½	
Izaak Walton's Pool — Itchen River	8½ × 11½	The Feragil Galleries
St. Catherine's Hill — Winchester	9½ × 13½	
The Meadows of St. Cross — Winchester	9½ × 13½	
Church at Easton — Winchester	9½ × 13½	
River Gate on Itchen — Near Chilland	9½ × 13½	
On the Banks of the Itchen	8½ × 11½	Mrs. J. Alden Weir
A Hidden Pool	8½ × 11½	
A Famous Chalk Stream — England	9½ × 13½	
Student's Walk — By the Itchen	8½ × 11½	
Avington Meadows	8½ × 11½	
Chilland	8½ × 11½	
Salisbury	9½ × 13½	
A Bend in the River	9½ × 13½	
Old Dock — Near New London, Conn.	9½ × 13½	
Itchen Abbas	9½ × 13½	
River Thames — New London, Conn.	9½ × 13½	
Hampshire Meadows	8½ × 11½	

Dates Unknown

On the Beach	5 × 7	
The Japanese Screen		
Landscape	8½ × 12	F. K. M. Rehn
The Builders		J. G. Butler, Jr.
Landscape		G. W. Buek
Buildings by the River	7 × 10	Mrs. Lloyd Williams

